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MOTHER AND SON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Joyous young mother, smile!
Smile, for your boy is fair;
Look in his laughing eyes,
Smooth back his silken hair.
Gather him close in your arms,
Cherish your darling boy;
Lay his young head on your breast;
Now is your hour of joy.

Pale, anxious mother, weep!
Weep, as you say good-bye
To the manly youth at your side,
Who leaves you with scarce a sigh.
Out in the world he goes,
Smiling at all your fears;
You can do nothing but weep;
Now is your hour of tears.

Desolate mother, pray!
Pray, as a mother can:
For the loved one far away,
The child, the youth, the man.
Why does he tarry so long?
Why did he ever go?
Desolate mother, weep,
Now is your hour of woe.

ALICE.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLIII.

Old Pengreep, who opened his chamber-door with such abrupt swiftness, did it, withal, so noiselessly that it appeared as if he had accomplished it by supernatural agency, and he stood in the dusky doorway more like a grim spectre than a benevolent money-lender.

Pharisee felt desperately sick at heart on being brought so suddenly and so unexpectedly face to face with him; and being naturally of a superstitious turn—a play of the imagination which was heightened by his occasional residences at Kingswood Hall—he for the moment did not entertain a doubt but that a goblin warder, keeping watch over the secret receptacles for important documents belonging to old Pengreep, had appeared to stop him and his bride elect from carrying out their pilfering intention.

He shut his eyes, felt his head spinning round, while a roaring singing filled his ears, and he was oppressed with a painful difficulty of breathing.

His partner in the purposed theft was no less convulsed for the moment with fright than Pharisee. But though, according to all authorities, she was the weaker vessel, she was the first to recover herself.

She rose up, and setting her wig in order, grinned spitefully in old Pengreep's face.

"Pengreep," she exclaimed, in a husky voice, "you are a fool!"

"A fool!" he echoed, marvelling and grinning back at her savagely.

"Yes, to frighten us so," she responded.

He pounced upon her, and nipped held of a piece of her arm.

"What were you doing at my door?" he shouted in her ear.

She screamed, and her cork-screw curls oscillated violently.

"Nothing," she cried, rapidly, "nothing! Oh, you tiger—you voracious wolf—you hyena—you are tearing my arms to shreds!"

"What were you doing at my door?" he repeated, in a furious tone.

"He—ah—oh!" yelled the gaunt lady, as he renewed his brutal pinch, and in rapid accents added—"I was a—just peeping through the keyhole to see if you were at home. Mr. Thingumbob here wanted to speak with you, but I did not know whether you were in or out, and we both came up together to ascertain, that's all."

Miss Virgo writhed like an eel all the time she spoke, and ultimately dragged her arm, by a furious exertion, from the plucker-like talons of the savage old man. He looked at her with an expression on his remarkable features singularly characteristic of disbelief, and then he turned with an inquiring look to Pharisee.

Lord Kingswood's valet had risen from his crouching posture, and now stood in a kind of crest-fallen attitude. Conscious guilt told him that he had been detected on the eve of committing a mean and dishonorable act, and he had an unpleasant impression that Pengreep had a very shrewd suspicion of the truth.

With nervous apprehension he awaited his turn for cross examination. One fact, however, tended to relieve his terror, and that was, that he had now no doubt but that he was confronting Pengreep in the flesh, and

not spectrally. His quick ears, too, caught the excuse tendered by Miss Virgo, his bride elect, and he thought it afforded him a fair foundation to found a lie upon, and consequently he assumed an appearance of self-possession which he was far from feeling.

"Oh, you want to see me, do you?" snapped old Pengreep.

"Ye-yes—ye-yes—of course," stammered Pharisee, starting on being abruptly addressed.

"Then why don't you come in a proper way; not sneak up the stairs and fumble about the keyhole, as if you'd got a skeleton key, and intended to pick the lock, and then creep into my room and look for papers—important papers—papers of enormous value to Lord Kingswood, and when you had secured them to bolt with them—eh? Why did you come up here in such a fashion as that?" inquired old Pengreep, laying a very significant stress upon his words.

Pharisee looked up at him under his slunggy eyebrows. It was plain that Pengreep had a very strong inkling of the object of his and Virgo's joint visit; but though that was a rather painful surmise, he inwardly resolved not to betray by word or look that he perceived it.

"You are strange people here," he said, affecting a smile. "On my first appearance here your charming relative there took me for a begging-letter impostor, and now you further honor me by supposing that I have paid you a second visit with the intention of stealing papers about which I was under an apparent, an—ah—delusion, it seems—that I had come to negotiate."

Old Pengreep showed his fanged teeth in a silent laugh.

Then he turned to Miss Virgo, who was engaged in softly rubbing her bruised arm, and he said to her—

"Now, Virgo, that you know me to be a home—and in full possession of all my faculties—you may retire to your underground grotto with a happy and contented mind. If I should ring the bell, mind," he added, "it will be for hot water—you know, Virgo, boiling hot water."

A cold thrill went through Pharisee's frame as he heard the last words, and he mentally resolved to submit with less struggling to a dose of molten lead than he would to another libation of Pengreep's singularly fine old Cognac.

Miss Virgo gazed at her relative. She screwed up her eyelids until the eyeballs became invisible, and she grated her teeth audibly. She gave a little vicious nod with her head, and descended, with a grim, savage expression on her features to her grotto in the basement story.

Old Pengreep touched Pharisee on the arm, and then pointed to his own apartment, without uttering a word. Pretty much as a prisoner enters a cell from which he has but small hopes of escaping did Pharisee enter the room. Yet, notwithstanding his inward dread, he resolved, as far as he could control his facial muscles and his bearing, to appear to be quite at ease.

His fear of Pengreep was a species of instinct—there was nothing in the appearance of the old man or in the situation in which he was placed really to alarm him; nevertheless, he felt a strange terror possess him, and he looked forward to his departure from this abode on Gray's Mount as a period of relief from danger which could not come too soon.

He sneaked rather than walked into the room, and in spite of his wish to seem at home, he added to a chair, and sat down upon its edge. Pengreep closed the door with a bang, turned the key in the lock, and, withdrawing it, put it into his pocket.

All the time his sharp, piercing, rat-like eyes were fixed on the face of Pharisee. The latter shifted his eyes in every direction with a quick, restless, uneasy movement; yet he affected a laugh.

"You are looking me up as if I were a treasure," he said, in a voice husky with excitement he was inwardly suffering.

Pengreep laughed too.

"I expect you will prove one to me," he answered.

"I thought you were disagreeably surprised to see me again," observed Pharisee, with an effort at pleasantness, as Pengreep seated himself exactly opposite to him, and so closely, that their knees almost touched.

"Oh, no—oh, dear no," returned Pengreep; "I knew you would come again—I was sure you would; I could not, therefore, feel surprised. You only brought a little from me, and I knew how much more there was to come. Surprised at your coming? Oh, no! I should have been greatly astonished if you had not come."

"Why?" asked Pharisee, with an uncomfortable impression that something had happened on his last visit here, during the time he was intoxicated, which it would much vex him to hear.

Pengreep laughed with a kind of savage gloom. "Bad memory," he asked.

"A—no," returned Pharisee, thoughtfully; "that is to say, if by any extraordinary accident, I get betrayed into a state of excitement through the influence of pictures to which I am not accustomed, I—I am afraid my memory plays me a treacherous trick or two."

"You mean if you happen to get drunk," coarsely rejoined Pengreep.

Pharisee threw up both hands. "Don't speak in those terms," he exclaimed, hastily; "I was never in such a condition."

"Except on the occasion when you were maddened with a first visit," responded Pengreep. "Then you drank of my genuine old cordial like a fish, and you got warmed with it; the generous liquor brought out the generosity of your nature; and you, like an open-hearted creature—though I suspect not always open-mouthed—you put me into possession of the secrets you must hold dearest and nearest to your very soul, for they compromise your actual existence."

Pharisee jumped to his feet and pressed his temples wildly with his hands. What had he disclosed? He had not the slightest remembrance of having uttered a sentence which would compromise himself. Then a thought flashed through his brain. He caught hold of Pengreep's collar. "My papers!"

Pengreep rose, and with a sudden dash with his fists, threw off Pharisee's hold of him.

He pushed him violently back into his seat, and exclaimed—"Sit down and be quiet."

"But," cried Pharisee, struggling to rise, "I have lost papers of the greatest importance to me, and you have them."

"Sit still," cried Pengreep, between his teeth, "and speak quietly, and then we will discuss this matter."

"But the papers," persisted Pharisee.

"You have them."

"Who told you that I have them?" asked Pengreep.

Pharisee fancied that at this instant he heard a slight cough outside the door. No doubt Miss Virgo was there, and he felt that he dared not reveal what had transpired between him and her. He therefore said—

"Told me—told me. You told me."

"I?" almost shouted Pengreep. "Absurd!"

"Did you not say that you were in possession of my greatest secrets?" interrogated Pharisee.

"Granted," replied Pengreep.

"Then you could not be acquainted with them unless you had obtained and examined those papers," he rejoined, "for they contain matters of the greatest possible moment to me."

"No papers could contain matters of more importance or moment to me," replied Pengreep, "deleting his voice. 'Think, man, think; reflect a minute. Oh! but they are brave secrets, and ought to be worth a little fortune.'"

Pharisee, like one stupefied, placed his hands to his forehead; but, though he strove to recall all that had taken place between him and Pengreep upon his previous visit, his memory failed just where the drinking commenced.

"I will give you a clue to it, for you seem at fault," he exclaimed, rising up. "I have something here which will perhaps help you."

He advanced to a table near the door, and taking up a small box, which appeared to be filled with sealed snuff, he withdrew a portion of the contents through the keyhole.

Immediately there rose a wind and a cry of agony without, followed by a rapid succession of violent sneezes, and presently a loud wailing was heard to descend the stairs, rattling cautiously, as though its owner, blinded, was attempting to grope the way down stairs, filled with a conviction that the proper time had arrived to seal the necessity of the subtle rancorous grotto.

Pengreep listened to the echoes of the departing footsteps attentively, and then with the air of one who had performed with grace a noble action, he returned to Pharisee, who sat gasping his thumb-nail, a prey to the most disturbing conjectures.

As he seated himself, he fixed his bright, small, black eye upon him, and said,

"Well, what do you remember?"

"Nothing," groined Pharisee.

"That is hardly possible," returned Pengreep.

"And yet it is true," rejoined Pharisee, patiently. "Tell me what I said. You promised to give me a clue."

"So I will," replied Pengreep. "Leave it there, you cannot fail to remember now."

"I do not comprehend you," gasped Pharisee, emphatically. "You must be plain, explicit with me—surmises and suggestions are useless. Let me know the worst at once."

"At last we come to business," exclaimed Pengreep. "Mr. Pharisee, I have you in my power, under my thumb, beneath my heel, for I can crush you at any moment. I know all, all, all!"

"All?" faltered Pharisee, striving still to wear the air of one rather injured than seeking to injure, "what do you mean by 'all,' uttered in such a tone?"

"This," cried Pengreep, "that you are honey on the surface of poison, that you hate malignantly the man you serve, that you have wormed yourself into his confidence that you may stab him in the back when your time shall come—that you love his wife. You, a barber and tax-wradd, love a high-born and beautiful lady! You, a dung-hill viper, raise your eyes to a fair and brilliant creature; and that you, at this moment, are fostering and promoting an intrigue between the woman that you love and a noble marquis that you—"

"Hold—hold! for mercy's sake, hold!" cried the terrified Pharisee. "It is not possible that I could have made such statements as you assert."

"Not possible?" retorted Pengreep, with a forbidding grin. "You not only cleared your throat to me of those not very savory morsels, but you forced upon me proofs which I can readily inform you I mean to retain so long as they are likely to be of value to me."

Pharisee groined.

"The papers I have missed," he murmured.

"Are in my possession, I admit," returned Pengreep. "You would give me proofs of the devoted friendship you had suddenly conceived for me, and you placed them in my charge; these they will remain, as I have told you, until my peculiar object—one I have entertained and clung to with tenacity many a long year—is accomplished."

"What object?" asked Pharisee, unconsciously of the question he put, for he was completely overwhelmed by Pengreep's disclosure.

"My friendship for you, Mr. Pharisee, has not yet reached that point of devotion which would urge me to communicate it to you," returned Pengreep; "but I will admit this much to you, that you can greatly assist me, and I can assist you. We are both working in one direction, and, to some extent, with a common purpose. I will, therefore, promise you this that I will lend you my aid to accomplish what I know to be nearest to your heart. I will keep your secret safely and closely. I will work harmoniously with you, but for this you must do what I require of you: you must oblige me, and carry out my views and my instructions to the letter. However noble and transcendent you may be to others, you must, for the sake of your very life, be true to me; and, in return, I will, as I have said, help you to information of which you stand in need; and which Lady Kingswood, even yet more than her lord, burns to know. Come, what a compact?"

He held out his bony, withered hand as he spoke.

Pharisee saw instantly that he was completely in the strange old man's power, that to resist him was to court destruction, while to keep on good terms with him would, for a time at least, keep off the terrible consequences of his indiscretion, and possibly his own crafty astuteness, carefully exercised, might enable him to turn the tables upon the old man who had done for so cleverly outwitted him.

"There is my hand," he said, grasping the withered hand extended to him. "Without admitting to be true all that you have advanced, I am still aware that you can be of great service to me, and I have no doubt I can to you, and I will. That I will play my part honestly to you, you have no need to fear; that you will do so to me, I have no doubt—nor, in fact, we cannot afford to be false to

each other. Now, as you confess that I have proved to you the devoted character of my friendship for you, you will afford me a proof of your good disposition towards me and the faithful manner in which you mean to perform your part of our compact by repeating to me the story you told me respecting Lord Kingswood's private marriage, the child which was the result of it, and other particulars which at that time you failed to supply."

"At another time," answered Pengreep. "Not now. Lord Kingswood wishes to see me."

"He would prefer that whatever you have to communicate should come through me," replied Pharisee, rather hastily.

Pengreep mused.

"At first," he said, musingly, "that was my view of the matter; now I have altered my opinion, and shall prefer having an interview with him myself, and alone."

"So that you may be able to secure the sum his lordship may feel disposed to pay for the secrets you profess to be able to disclose to him?"

"Or the amount I may choose to demand for them," returned Pengreep, with an unpleasant grin. "Oh, never fear," he added, with a scowl, "it is not my intention, my friend, to deprive you of your rights. You shall have your full share of the rewards to be obtained."

"It is not money, it is not money that I care so much about," muttered Pharisee, "but revenge—revenge! a revenge I can glut myself with."

"That is exactly the reward I am seeking—revenge!" rejoined old Pengreep. "An ample, full, complete, and entire revenge!"

"You?" ejaculated Pharisee, with surprise.

"I? Why not I?" asked Pengreep, sharply. "Do you think I have not had my share of scoff, of taunt, of cuff, of insult? Do you think I have had no youth—no love—no human feeling? Do you suppose I would receive a blow more tamely than a dog takes a kick? Do you conceive that a suppressed growl never means a future fatal bite? I seek for revenge, I tell you. I have nourished it, cherished it, worked for it for years, and I shall have it! Oh! but I shall have it!"

"Upon whom would you revenge yourself?" asked Pharisee, with surprise.

"Ah! ah!" gurgled old Pengreep, with a savage glee; "upon one who will feel it when the blow falls from my hand, and he shall know that mine is the hand that strikes, like the fiery-hot blast which kills with blistering, suffocating convulsions. A spider, a thing that crawls and creeps, can slay with its sting—mine shall be as poisonous and as deadly."

He gnashed his teeth together, and opened and shut his hands with a spasmodic working, which betrayed how passionately vindictive his emotions were.

"But who is this?" again repeated Pharisee.

"Oh, you shall know all in good time," answered Pengreep, suddenly restoring himself to his usual manner. "We must proceed to business. It is astonishing how much time is lost in desultory conversations. Come, let us see how we stand. You and I have entered into a compact each to serve the other, while to a certain extent our interests, as well as our objects, are identical. Well, you have to begin first to act, because you are in the position to do so. Firstly, then, it is quite in unison with my plans that your designs should succeed. If there is one way more effectual than another to utterly wreck the haughty, overbearing, proud Lord Kingswood's peace of mind, and to humble him to the dust, it is that."

"Now," continued Pengreep, "let me know what has occurred between my Lord of Kingswood and you, and between Lady Kingswood and yourself, since we met. No reserves, if you please; you will remember that you are, body and soul, tightly gripped in my power."

Pharisee could not help a slight shudder passing through his frame, and with some reluctance, and also a few reserves, he recounted his last interview with Lord Kingswood, and also that with Lady Kingswood in the picture-gallery.

Old Pengreep's face curled up into the most fantastic wrinkles as he listened, and when Pharisee had concluded, he rubbed his hands together with apparent satisfaction.

"Have you got the letter to the Marquis of Chillingham with you?" he inquired.

"I have," replied Pharisee.

"Let me look at it," requested Pengreep.

"What for?" interrogated Pharisee.

"Let me look at it," solemnly repeated Pengreep.

Pharisee withdrew it from his pocket-book and handed it to old Pengreep, who scrutinized it with very great attention. At length he looked up and said, sharply—

"Where is the original?"

"Original?" repeated Pharisee, his face becoming more sallow than ever, "why there it is, you have it in your hand."

"Oh, dear no, oh, no," responded Pengreep

"This is only a copy; you take care of the original, you know. I believe you have not the heart to deny that I am acquainted with that fact?"

Pharisee's brow lowered.

"You want, I suppose, to know the contents of that note," he answered, evasively.

"Well, yes, my curiosity leads me to that extent," replied Pengreep.

"I can tell them to you; I suppose that will do," rejoined Pharisee, a little sullenly.

Pengreep laid his hand upon his knee, and looked up into his eyes.

"If I am to be bound to credit your assertion, that you will repeat them truthfully, yes," he said.

"Oh, I will not falsify or conceal anything," answered Pharisee, and then repeated the contents of the note entrusted to him by Lady Kingswood.

Pengreep remained for a moment plunged in thought. Then he inquired—

"When were you to deliver this note?"

"To-night, at nine," returned Pharisee.

"It approaches that hour," said Pengreep.

"You must deliver the note and get the reply."

"Is there time?" asked Pharisee.

"We will make it," answered Pengreep, rising up. "It is clear that, since an intrigue between the Marquis and Lady Kingswood has fairly commenced, they have not met alone. That meeting must take place."

"Not for worlds!" cried Pharisee, excitedly. "I will prevent it. I should become frantic if it took place. She must be mine—mine only."

"Pshaw! they must meet, and alone," persisted Pengreep. "The clandestine meeting shall be interrupted—but not by you."

"By whom?" exclaimed Pharisee.

"Lord Kingswood!" rejoined Pengreep, in a hissing tone.

"That would be fatal to my hopes," cried Pharisee, with nervous anxiety.

"Peace! we will discuss that hereafter," interposed Pengreep. "At present we will make out way to the Marquis of Chillingham's, and afterwards, I presume, you are to see Lady Kingswood."

"At two hours past midnight," replied Pharisee.

"Where?" asked Pengreep.

"In the picture gallery," was the reply.

"Alone, of course?" suggested Pengreep.

"Alone," returned Pharisee.

"That will do," said Pengreep. "Descend, my friend, and wait in the parlor below. I will return in a few minutes; then we will obtain a vehicle, and I will conduct you by a near way to the residence of the Marquis of Chillingham."

"Give me that note back," said Pharisee.

"You will remember that I alone can deliver it."

Pengreep grinned.

"You are careless of the custody of notes, my friend," he said. "I will take care of it until the proper moment, then I will restore it to you for delivery. Be pleased to descend, for we have no time to spare."

Pharisee grunted his teeth together as Pengreep unlocked the door for him, and descended with stumbling step the dark, winding stairs, as, hearing, to his dismay, old Pengreep close his chamber door, and lock himself within before he had reached half way down.

CHAPTER XLIV

Pharisee entered the parlor to which he had been directed, and wherein the fond Albertina Virgo and himself had arranged the preliminaries of a marriage, which he inwardly determined should never take place, and she scarcely resolved should, with a mind full of misgivings.

Not alone that he felt that he had been placed by Pengreep *hors de combat*.

Naturally cunning, artful, sleek, reserved—keeping locked within his mind his future intentions, his designs, his hopes, and anticipations—he had for years proceeded undetected, unsuspected, and gradually approaching the goal to which he was directing his steps.

Since he had met with Pengreep his astuteness seemed suddenly to have left him. He was still shrewd, deep, and disposed to be reticent; but this mysterious old man with whom he had got so strangely connected appeared to turn his secret repositories inside out, and with ease to possess himself of all he was most desirous to keep hidden from him. Pharisee felt like a mere tool in his hands—a child, a toy—and what was worse, so entirely in his power, that any attempt to destroy the connection already formed would be to place himself in a worse position.

He had obtained by some subtle process all the papers, without which the whole of Pharisee's years of scheming and plotting were thrown away, and he had got possession of Lady Kingswood's note, with which, for some purpose Pharisee could not divine, he had locked himself in his chamber.

While Pharisee, vexed, perplexed, chafing, was revolving these thoughts, a hand was placed softly upon his shoulder. He started with affright, and turned round.

Before him he beheld Albertina Virgo, her face half enveloped in a huge red cotton handkerchief, and her eyes and eyelids evidently in a frightful state of inflammation. The red cotton handkerchief was pressed against her mouth and nostrils to prevent any sounds she might make being heard beyond the room in which they stood.

She raised up a finger to caution him, and said, in a low, but husky voice—

"Don't say a word, but—awish!—listen to me. If he overhears us we are both—awish!—done for; he'll poison us both as sure as I am a—awish!—weak, foolish creature to be fond of you, for I am so, suddenly and violently. Do you see the—awish!—state—awish!—I am in? The—awish!—awish!—wretch flung half a pound of—awish!—smell into my eyes, and only—awish!—awish!—looking to see that he didn't intend to place you. Oh, won't I—awish!—awish!—pay him out for this—awish!—But I have not time to—awish!—speak of that now; all

I have to say is—awish!—awish!—is, don't forget our bargain. I shan't, and I'll—awish!—keep my part of it, my—awish!—dear—awish!—Mind me, he means to—awish!—to make a fool of you, ruin you, destroy you, but he shan't, for I'll—awish!—I'll play him a double game. Pharisee, my own—awish!—love, and darling, I have—ha! ha! if he only knew it—I have got—awish!—a—a—oh—I have got a master key which will open all his places. I will—awish!—awish!—get for you all your papers, and restore them to you. Be careful not to—awish!—say one word more to him than you can help. Don't—awish!—don't set him at defiance, but—awish!—awish!—cotton him, cheat him, gaggle him—seem to—awish!—awish!—agree with all he says to you, but don't—awish!—really—and come to me as soon as you can. Come about ten at night, and—awish!—don't knock, but—awish!—whistle! and then I'll let you in. I will have all the papers for you, and we will settle then the hour at which we will—awish!—get a license the following morning, and be—awish!—awish!—married, my—awish!—awish!—awish!—angel—awish!—Hush!—awish!—be cautious—awish!—We'll both—awish!—awish!—lick him yet—awish!—by hye, pet! Here he—awish!—comes!"

She flung her arms suddenly around his neck, and sneezing in his face, kissed him vigorously. Giving him a parting shower, she released herself, and glided through a partially opened folding door into the adjoining apartment, drawing the door behind her.

Almost at the same moment Pengreep popped his head in at the door of the room, and with singular celerity opened the folding door, and looked within. He was an instant too late. The sneezing maiden had sunk noiselessly into her groto.

Pengreep returned, and, glancing in Pharisee's face, said, with a very suspicious grin—

"Alone—quite alone?"

Pharisee looked round the room with an indifferent gaze.

"It appears so," he said.

"My Virgo—my watch-dog—did not pop up to see that you did not pocket any ornaments to which you might take a fancy? Oh, but my Virgo is very mistrustful," suggested Pengreep.

"I don't know where she is," returned Pharisee. "I know, however, that if we delay, there will be no interview with the Marquis of Chillingham to-night."

"You are wise and thoughtful. Come along," exclaimed Pengreep.

Opening the street door hastily, he led the way into the street.

Pharisee observed that he had changed his attire. His body was clothed in a suit of superfine black cloth, glossy and smooth, as if new. His overcoat had a black velvet collar, and the skirts reached nearly to his ankles; upon his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, and over his eyes were a pair of broad, brown spectacles.

"You are disguised," said Pharisee to him, when they got outside.

"My walking dress when I wait on high people," answered Pengreep. "High people, my dear friend, need pecuniary assistance at times like people in very humble condition, but then they have the advantage of offering very tangible security. I could—but I don't do such things—point out to you a Duchess who appears at Court receptions in very superb jewelry, of most exquisite workmanship, the brilliant, the emeralds, the rubies, the pearls, the topazes, are all the handicraft of French lapidaries in real glass, and the gold is the best mosaic, while in one of my chests the original Simon Purvis snugly, and will rest until the small sums I have advanced upon them are paid. I pay my visits to them for my interest in this costume, and it is thought very genteel, I assure you."

Pharisee did not like this preamble, but he said nothing. A cab was obtained, and the promise of a double amount of fare induced the driver to place the lives of several of Her Majesty's liege subjects in danger, and to deposit Pengreep and Pharisee a few doors from the magnificent mansion of the Marquis of Chillingham.

Here the cab-driver was dismissed, and then Pengreep said abruptly to his companion—

"Give me the card which was to obtain your admission to the Marquis's presence."

"To you? Certainly not," returned Pharisee. "I want Lady Kingswood's note back, which I merely placed in your hands to look at, and without which it would be utterly useless for me to seek an interview with the Marquis."

"I will see him for you," replied Pengreep. "I understand all these little matters so much better than you do. Give me the card."

"I'll die first," exclaimed Pharisee, furiously.

A church bell tolled nine o'clock.

"Hark!" said Pengreep, "the hour has arrived. Give me the card, or accept this alternative. While you are trying to see the Marquis, and I will give you up the note to assist you, I will proceed to my Lord Kingswood's and prepare him to receive you on your return with the answer. I don't trifle with anybody. It is not my intention to commence with you. One single further objection to my plan, and I put my threat into instant execution. Speak—decide—I cannot wait! To hesitate now is to lose the great advantage which is wooing us with open arms."

Pharisee groaned. He was meshed, gyled, shackled; he could not help himself, and he gave up the card. Pengreep clutched it, and said, quickly, in an undertone,

"Await me here. You shall know all that passes between myself and Lord Chillingham, and that will give you all the power you will require in the time to come."

He hurried to the mansion-gate, rang the bell, and in another minute, Pharisee saw him disappear within the gates, while he had to gnaw his knuckles in the cold, and to wait the result of an interview in which he had expected to play so important a part.

In the meanwhile, as Pharisee paced up and

down the cold streets, Pengreep made his way into the large hall of Chillingham House, and asking for the Marquis's confidential servant, he, upon his appearing, entrusted him with the card, affecting an air of mystery as he did so.

The proud and pampered fellow took the card, and examined it through a gold eyeglass, and then, with half-closed eyes, closely examined Pengreep. Where quite satisfied with an inspection which seemed mightily to amuse Pengreep, he said,

"Follow me!"

Pengreep instantly perceived that Lady Kingswood's messenger had been expected, and he shuffled after the servant with more alacrity than he perhaps would have done, because he was rather afraid there would be one or two impediments thrown in his way which Pharisee would easily have surmounted, but which he, a stranger, would have found it difficult to overcome.

He was conducted through several chambers, until, at length, one being reached, the servant said, laconically,

"Wait here."

He pointed to a seat. Pengreep sat down, and the servant then disappeared through an opposite door. A few minutes had only elapsed, when the servant re-appeared again, and motioned Pengreep to follow him. He complied, and was then ushered through a short passage into a comparatively small apartment, furnished as a study, but fitted also with every luxury which could contribute to ease, indolence, or comfort. Seated in an arm-chair, intently perusing some written document, was the Marquis of Chillingham. He did not even raise his eyes when Pengreep entered, nor appear to hear the silky tones of his servant, as the latter said—

"The private messenger, my lord Marquis."

Accustomed to this inattention, the servant retired, and Pengreep was left alone with the icy, frigid nobleman.

The Marquis continued to peruse the paper without heeding Pengreep's presence, and the old man, acquainted with the characteristics of such men as the Marquis, remained motionless, using, however, his eyes, and taking notes through his spectacles of everything he beheld.

Not a sound, save the ticking of the superb timepiece upon the marble chimney slab, was to be heard in the room, and Pengreep absolutely started when the Marquis, suddenly laying the paper he had been reading upon the table, said, in a low, cold tone,

"Come this way."

Pengreep stood before him, and the cold, blue eyes of the Marquis settled on his form. They betrayed the faintest indication of surprise, and then resumed their accustomed glassy immobility.

"You are the bearer of this card?" he said, holding the one Pharisee had resigned to him before him.

Pengreep bowed.

"You have a communication for me?" he asked.

"I have, my lord Marquis," he replied, and produced Lady Kingswood's letter, or rather Pharisee's substitute for it.

The Marquis took it from him, and opened it with deliberate calmness.

He perused its contents without a quiver of his face exhibiting the slightest alteration. He only played with his mustaches, as though its contents occasioned him food for thought. After he had read and re-read the lines a dozen times, he turned his lustrous eyes upon Pengreep, and said,

"Who entrusted you with this note?"

Pengreep hesitated for a moment. He did not like to be too ready with the answer.

"Why do you pause?" asked the Marquis, with a settled gaze upon him.

"My mission is a confidential one," observed Pengreep.

"Justly so," responded the Marquis; "a confidential mission to me. Hence I ask, who entrusted you with this note?"

"A lady," returned Pengreep, cautiously.

"Clearly so," rejoined the Marquis. "What lady?"

Pengreep looked about him, and, dropping his voice to a whisper, said,

"Lady Kingswood."

"That will do," he resumed, adding, as if soliloquizing, "anyone might have sent it; the confirmation was requisite."

Again a silence ensued, and the ticking of the timepiece was alone heard. Presently the Marquis said, abruptly,

"Are you of her ladyship's household?"

"No," returned Pengreep.

"No?" echoed the Marquis, quickly. "How came her ladyship to entrust you with this note?"

"Her ladyship knows me to be trustworthy," responded Pengreep.

"At a fixed price," observed the Marquis, with a curled lip.

"Her ladyship is liberal," responded Pengreep, with a grim smile.

"Hem!" coughed the Marquis. "I suppose your trustworthiness increases with an elevated scale of prices?"

"A great minister, my lord Marquis, laid it down as an axiom that every man has his price," returned Pengreep.

The Marquis looked at him furtively, but made no comment upon his observation. After a pause, he inquired,

"How long have you been known to Lady Kingswood?"

"I have been very closely acquainted with the family and its secrets from the marriage of Lady Kingswood to Lord Kingswood; in deed, I have known his lordship a yet longer period."

"Indeed!" remarked the Marquis, very calmly, "so long. Um! By the way, you mentioned, I think, the secrets of the Kingswood family as being known to you. Pray, what are they?"

"Your lordship must excuse my returning no answer to that question," replied Pengreep.

"Excuse you," responded the Marquis, with a faint smile; "purchase you, you mean. These family secrets are troublesome

affairs; I am rather rejoiced—at least, I have an impression that I am rejoiced—that there are no such things clinging to the Chillinghams. Look you! I am aware that you have been selected to fulfil a confidential position. I have, I think, a proper sense of your trustworthiness, and can, if disposed, reward it liberally. There are one or two questions I should like to put to you, and if you can answer them at all, I will pay you well, but if to my satisfaction, your reward shall be exceedingly handsome."

Pengreep bowed very low in reply.

The Marquis continued, saying—

"You assert that you for many years have been acquainted with the Kingswoods of Kingswood, and with their secrets?"

"And with the traditions of their House, my lord Marquis," added Pengreep.

The Marquis waved his hand.

"I care nothing for their traditions," he said. "I want to know as much as I can learn respecting a youth who appeared suddenly and strangely at Kingswood Hall, and disappeared as mysteriously. He is now, I believe, with equal mystery surrounding him, located with an old friend of mine."

The Marquis paused.

"Horace Vernon, Esq., of Huntingford Chase, Gloucester, and Eaton Square, London," exclaimed Pengreep. "The name of the young gentleman of whom you speak is Gower—Mr. Eric Gower."

"The very person," said the Marquis; "that is the name he assumes."

"The name he assumes, my lord Marquis?" repeated Pengreep.

Again the Marquis turned a searching look upon Pengreep. He felt an intuitive dislike to the man, but he could not deny to himself that he appeared to be just the creature to make himself acquainted with secrets, and to sell them to the highest bidder. He was, therefore, an individual to be very cautious in dealing with, but the Marquis fancied that he knew, if he were to have any transactions with him, how to secure himself against any treachery this person might attempt.

"You know this boy's history?" he observed, exhibiting a little more interest than he had hitherto displayed.

"I do," replied Pengreep.

"And will relate it to me?" subjoined the Marquis.

"That, my lord Marquis, is a proposition which demands very serious consideration," returned Pengreep, rubbing his hands over and over again.

"The consideration of its worth to you," replied the Marquis. "It can matter little to you what effect its revelation to me can have on the parties most interested in its being kept secret."

"I am afraid, my lord Marquis, that I do not view the question in that light," responded Pengreep, as if thoughtfully.

"I will simplify the question for you," returned the Marquis. "You have, I suspect, picked up the information you possess piecemeal from one source and another, at different periods, with great ingenuity and considerable perseverance; in fact, you have not been made the confidential depository of a secret or secrets, but you have unravelled them for yourself."

"Your lordship's discernment is faultless," returned Pengreep, with a bow. "I have obtained all for myself, and by myself alone, and unaided."

"Precisely," ejaculated the Marquis. "And it is my intention to do the same, only in another way. I will pay to you a very handsome sum for certain information. I shall make use of that information for purposes personal to myself. I shall not communicate to any person breathing from what person or in what manner I have obtained possession of the strange history. It will be enough that I know it, and that I am in a position to prove my assertions. You, my friend, can be in no degree compromised while you make a good market for what you have collected, leaving open to you also other opportunities of making pecuniary use of the same material. To be brief, name your price, produce your proofs, and the money shall be yours."

Old Pengreep's scalp vibrated, his jaw-bones ached, he had a singing in the ears, golden money-bags danced before his eyes; but with the vision of bank notes floating like snow-flakes amid a golden shower of sovereigns, he perceived a cold, pallid, stern countenance, with a rigid inflexible expression upon it, which, as soon as it developed itself amid the hail of golden coin, brought large globules of cold perspiration in clusters upon his forehead.

He gasped, and coughed, and spluttered, and then making an effort to recover himself, he said—

"I have no proofs with me, but I can furnish them at a future time, but I shall be able without them to prove to you that I am no impostor. Your lordship has mentioned a friend of yours, Horace Vernon, Esq."

"You repeated the name," observed the Marquis, carelessly.

"He was, however, your lordship's college friend and companion, in conjunction with Lord Kingswood," continued Pengreep.

"During that period, Mr. Vernon saved your lordship's life on the Thames, and in the hunting field, and your lordship's hon—good na—"

"I understand you," interposed the Marquis, quickly, though haughtily. "Why do you refer to those events so long passed away?"

"Simply to prove to your lordship that I am acquainted with circumstances known but to very few, and that this knowledge proves my capability of giving you certain information, although I am temporarily unfurnished with documents to substantiate my statement."

The Marquis remained silent and thoughtful for a few minutes. He took up Lady Kingswood's letter and re-perused it. Then he laid it down again and mused.

"You know the history of this boy called Gower; give it me briefly. There is an earnestness of my intentions."

As his lordship spoke, he opened a drawer

in his library table, and took out a few bank-notes from a small pile placed there, and, crumpling them up, threw them to Pengreep.

Pengreep clutched the bank-notes, and thrust them into an inner pocket of his coat.

He gazed round him, and bent towards the Marquis of Chillingham.

"My lord Marquis," he said, in a whisper, "he is a son of Lord Kingswood, and is the rightful heir to the title and the estates."

The Marquis for the first time displayed excitement.

"Is this true?" he asked, in a very different tone to any he had hitherto used.

"It is true, my lord," answered Pengreep, solemnly, his face turning blue; for he fancied that an angry, pale face was confronting his own, and that the flashing of the menacing eyes boded him evil. Yet the crisp crackle of the notes within his breast-pocket urged him on, for they murmured of more to come.

"The facts briefly," exclaimed the Marquis, impatiently.

"Your friend, Mr. Vernon, years past, fell in love with a young and beautiful girl," returned Pengreep, quickly. "Lord Kingswood saw her, became enamored of her, and fled with her—married her."

"Married her, man? you are insane!" exclaimed the Marquis, with excitement.

"He married her, my lord. Sir Harris Stanhope knows that," repeated Pengreep.

"Ha!" muttered the Marquis; and then, waving his hand, he said, "Proceed."

"A child was born," continued Pengreep, "and, subsequently, stolen. The mother was tried for her life for murdering this child, but acquitted. She died. Lord Kingswood went abroad, married the present Lady Kingswood; the child stolen was recovered from its captors, brought up in secrecy, and was placed at Kingswood Hall for Lord Kingswood to do the best with him he might. Your lordship knows nearly all that has subsequently occurred."

The Marquis rose up and paced the apartment.

"There is truth in this," he muttered.

Then he paused and took up Lady Kingswood's letter, and again read it over. He turned to Pengreep.

"At what hour, and when, were you to deliver my answer to this note to Lady Kingswood?" he asked, abruptly.

"At two hours past midnight, in the picture gallery," replied Pengreep.

"Alone, her ladyship, of course, intended to meet you?" he suggested.

"Alone, my lord," was the reply.

"I will take my answer thither to her myself. You must contrive to admit me to the mansion and secrete me in the gallery. I will come disguised. I will hear no objections. Your reward shall be great."

The Marquis uttered these sentences in a rapid and peremptory tone, and Pengreep, borne down by his manner, replied,

"At one hour past midnight, my lord, be at the servants' entrance, and I will admit you."

The Marquis of Chillingham, as he uttered the words, rang a bell upon the table sharply. He pointed to the door, and Pengreep, faint with heat, and dripping with moisture, bowed himself out of the apartment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SAND IN THE HOUR-GLASS.

It is a remarkable fact, that the flow of sand in the hour-glass is perfectly equable, whatever may be the quantity in the glass; that is, the sand runs no faster when the upper half of the glass is quite full than when it is nearly empty. It would, however, be natural enough to conclude that, when full of sand, it would be more swiftly urged through the aperture than when the glass was only a quarter full, and near the close of the hour.

The fact of the even flow of sand may be proved by a very simple experiment. Provide some silver sand, dry it over or before the fire, and pass it through a tolerably fine sieve. Then take a tube, of any length or diameter, closed at one end, in which make a small hole, say the eighth of an inch; stop this with a peg, and fill up the tube with the sifted sand. Hold the tube steadily, or fix it to a wall or frame, at any height from a table; remove the peg, and permit the sand to flow in any measure for any given time, and note the quantity. Then let the tube be emptied, and only half or a quarter filled with sand; measure again, for a like time, and the same quantity of sand will flow; even if you press the sand in the tube with a ruler or stick, the flow of the sand through the hole will not be increased.

far cheaper than we can. We build iron vessels for cheaper than America can. With these facts before us we can readily infer—1. That there are no establishments, manufacturing, or skilled artificers in America prepared for the business of iron ship building. 2. That the introduction of iron in substitution for wood gives to England and the country of iron an ascendancy over any other country in the matter of iron vessels. 3. We see why in wooden ships America had the advantage over us, and she had the wit to use it. 4. She now sees clearly that we have in future the advantage over her, and she waits to see if we have the wit to use it.

This explanation does not seem so satisfactory to us as it apparently does to Mr. Russell—himself, we believe, one of the largest shipbuilders in England. Timber, we grant, is one of the staples of America—but iron also is not the less one of our staples. The only advantage that England has over us, is in the respect of her established manufacturing, and her skilled workmen. When it shall once be seen that iron must supplant wood to a great degree in the construction of vessels, we have the iron,—any amount of it, in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri—and we have the skillful brains, and skillful hands, which never yet have failed us in anything they have undertaken. What an Englishman can do, an American can do—and often a little better. Witness that great printing machine of iron—Hoe's last Fast—which works off the large edition of the London Times itself. Witness the American Sewing Machine, now found in every part of England. Witness our locomotives,—inferior to none in the world. And witness almost any work made of iron, in which we have resolutely tried our hand. In fact, in certain branches of manufacturing, our manufacturers, after a visit to the old country, inform us that we are twenty years ahead of the English—they using processes and machinery long since discarded on this side of the water for more improved methods and implements.

Therefore, if the use of iron is found to be a necessity, either for ships of peace or of war, there is no reason that we should be behind any other nation in our commercial and naval marine. And we trust the attention of those in authority will be turned to this subject, as it is a matter of no small importance that we should do our fair share of the carrying trade of the world. The theory of our Government does not coincide with the maintenance of a large navy, therefore our security must be found in the healthy growth of our commercial marine—for vessels of war can be built on an emergency in a short period, but good sailors are the slow growth of years. The whale and other fisheries are the best schools of seamanship—the common carrying trade the next. A nation possessing a large number of hardy seamen, possesses a great advantage in times of war over a nation that has few or none—and therefore it has ever been the policy of wise Governments not to allow their fisheries and their commercial marine to die out, even if they have to be kept alive by some pecuniary sacrifices. In fact we need our shipping, and we need even more our manufactures—both are necessary to the welfare of a great nation, and to the proper and profitable development of its agricultural resources; and both must be promoted in such a way as to aid and not cripple each other. Our manufactures already are encroaching year after year upon those of England in all parts of the globe,—giving thus increased employment to our marine—and we trust that this will go on until we do at least our fair and proper share of the manufacturing and carrying trade of the world.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The stock market must have been in a very excitable state in New York, the other day, judging from a paragraph in the New York correspondence of the *Public Ledger*—

"Stocks experienced another heavy decline, this morning, owing to the unfavorable interpretations of the Lincoln Inaugural at Montgomery, and throughout the South. The rush to sell at one period of the session was tremendous, the feeling partaking largely of the character of an absolute panic."

Towards the adjournment, however, the downward movement was partially arrested. Private despatches from Washington were shown, stating that Mr. Chase had expressed highly conservative sentiments this forenoon.—True or false, the statement had a favorable influence.

Mr. Chase must take care what he says, and how he looks,—for it is evident he is carefully watched, and every conservative or other expression telegraphed instantly to New York. Next week, we probably shall have a few items like the following:—

"The stock market is very bright this morning, as private despatches from Washington state that Mr. Chase was heard to say that he thought it would not be much of a shower after all. The correspondence of the *Bear* interest endeavors to make it appear that Mr. Chase was simply alluding to an approaching rain, but he is so or not, his declaration has had its effect."

"The stock market is very blue this afternoon. It is telegraphed that Mr. Seward was closeted with Mr. Cameron for a full hour, and on coming out was overheard to say to the Secretary of War, 'Send Indigo, by all means.' This was supposed to refer to the reinforcing of Fort Sumter—Indigo being probably needed for the proper washing of the officers' shirts.—Other accounts, however, represent the Secretary of State as referring to Mr. Cameron's negro servant, who, being very black, is appropriately called Indigo. The effect naturally has been to depress the market very greatly."

These are a few specimens of what may be done in this. Capital is naturally timid, and the monetary world trembles when the political Caesars do but sneeze. And where would stock "operations" be if the market were not constructed on the great see-saw principle—here we go up-up-up and here we go down-down-down! Our advice to all quiet and common-place people is not to put any money at all in stocks, except as a permanent investment—choose sound and not fancy stocks for such investments—and then never bother yourselves whether they are going up

or down, unless some good reason, affecting the stock itself, and not merely based upon the state of the money market or of the country, is given for such rise or fall.

WAGES.

A recent article in the London "Quarterly Review" contains a large number of statistics showing the rise in wages within the last two centuries. Not only is this rise in the absolute amount paid, but in the value of the wages as considered in comparison with the prices of the articles of general consumption and clothing.

We might infer this to be the fact, simply by contrasting the mode in which the mechanical laborer lives and dresses now, with the modes of former periods. But it is pleasant to have so cheering a truth demonstrated beyond all peradventure—for little is our Christianity and our Science worth, if they do not aid in the elevation, material as well as spiritual, of the great masses of mankind. The Review states:—

Macaulay has shown that, towards the close of the seventeenth century, all classes were paid less wages than they are now. Agricultural laborers received only from 2s. to 3s. a week with food, or from 4s. to 5s. without. In 1801, the justices at Chelmsford fixed the rate in winter and 7s. in summer; but at the time this order was made, all the necessities of life were immoderately dear, and what was selling at 70s. a quarter. Private soldiers were paid only 4s. 8d. a week, yet no difficulty was experienced in obtaining thousands of recruits on very short notice.

In 1790, the daily earnings of bricklayers and mechanics employed at Greenwich Hospital averaged 2s. 6d. a day, with bread dearer than at present. Even in 1800, the wages of a good mason in London were only 16s. a week, with wheat at 90s. 6d. a quarter. The same class of workmen are now receiving 35s. a week, though wheat is at a much lower figure and all the necessities of life are greatly reduced in price. The more closely the wages are investigated, the more clearly will it appear that they were times of hard work and small pay, of dear food and scanty clothing, of defective means of education and wretched household accommodation.

Some excellent statistics, by Mr. Chadwick, of Salford, are quoted, which show that, whilst the actual money-wages paid to the operatives employed in the cotton trade has increased during the last twenty years from 12 to 28 per cent, the working hours of the laborers have been reduced by the operation of the Ten Hours Factory Bill, during the same period, nine hours per week, or not less than 15 per cent. There has also been a reduction in the hours of labor in silk mills, of six hours a week, and in the miscellaneous employments connected with the building trade, of from three to four and a half hours per week. Mr. Chadwick states that the number of persons in Lancashire directly engaged in the various branches of the cotton trade, in 1859, was estimated at 400,000 persons, and that the average rate of wages paid to them (including boys, girls, and women) was 10s. 3d. per week, or £10,653,000 per annum.

In the silk trade, an advance of wages has taken place in all the branches, equal to more than 10 per cent. In the building trades, the increase in the rate of wages has averaged from 11 to 32 per cent. In the mechanical trades, there has been a general advance in nearly all branches: in some instances this advance is equal to 45 per cent. In the miscellaneous trades, including upwards of eighty classes of workmen, the rate of wages has generally been maintained and in some instances has been considerably advanced. In Darnley and the neighborhood, women can earn as weavers from 11s. to 20s. a week, according to their skill and the number of looms they attend; and winders and warpers, principally young women, earn from 10s. to 18s. a week.

During the last few years, the demand for card-room hands, whose labor requires little skill and is easily learnt, has led to an increase in their wages, in Darnley, of fully 100 per cent. In one mill, where twenty years ago no hand in the card-room earned more than 6s. a week, now many of them earn from 12s. to 18s. a week, with nine hours labor.—The wages-books of mills near Blackburn and Rochdale give one instance where a father, son, and daughter earn £2 12s. a week, or £135 4s. per annum. In another, the father and four girls earn £3 10s. a week, or £182 per annum. These are ordinary examples; in many families the earnings range much higher. There is one case, in which five daughters and two sons working in a cotton mill, earn among them three guineas a week, whilst the father, working as a blacksmith, earns 20s., showing a total income of £232 10s.; and a second, where the father, six sons, and two daughters, realize £6 17s. a week. Similar high rates of wages prevail throughout Yorkshire and the other manufacturing districts. Mr. Baker, Inspector of Factories, states that the wages paid to the factory operatives of the United Kingdom, in 1856, amounted to upwards of £19,000,000 sterling; that in no branch of textile labor had wages been reduced since 1833; that the average increase was 12 per cent, and in one instance 40 per cent. A comparison would probably show that the families of factory operatives in Lancashire are at present earning higher incomes than many of the professional classes in England—higher than the average of the clergy of all denominations, work in which five daughters and two sons working in a cotton mill, earn among them three guineas a week, whilst the father, working as a blacksmith, earns 20s., showing a total income of £232 10s.; and a second, where the father, six sons, and two daughters, realize £6 17s. a week. 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THREE ROSES.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

Just when the red June roses blow
The green leaves are a year ago;
A rose whose crimson breath revealed
The secret that its heart concealed,
And whose half-shy, half-leader grace
Blushed back upon the giver's face.
A year ago—a year ago—
To hope was not to know.

Just when the red June roses blow
I plucked her one—a month ago;
I half-blown crimson to eclipse,
I laid it on her smiling lips;
The honey fragrance of the South
Drew sweetness from her sweeter mouth.
Swiftly the golden hours creep—
To hold is not to keep.

The red June roses now are past,
This very day I broke the last;
And now its perfumed breath is hid,
With her, beneath a coffin lid,
There will its petals fall apart,
And wither on her icy heart.
At three red roses' cost
My world was gained and lost.

IMPORTANCE OF DRAWING, AND THE USE OF COLORS.

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HERBERT SPENCER.

The spreading recognition of drawing as an element of education, is one among many signs of the more rational views on mental culture now beginning to prevail. Once more it may be remarked that teachers are at length adopting the course which nature has for ages been pressing upon their notice. The spontaneous efforts made by children to represent the men, houses, trees, and animals around them—on a slate if they can get nothing better, or with lead-pencil on paper, if they can beg them—were familiar to all. To be shown through a picture book is one of their highest gratifications; and as usual, their strong imitative tendency presently generates in them the ambition to make pictures themselves. This attempt to depict the striking things they see is a further instinctive exercise of the perceptions—a means whereby still greater accuracy and completeness of observation is induced. And alike by seeking to interest us in their discoveries of the sensible properties of things, and by their endeavors to draw, they solicit from us just that kind of culture which they most need.

Had teachers been guided by nature's hints not only in the making of drawing a part of education, but in the choice of their modes of teaching it, they would have done still better than they have done. What is it that the child first tries to represent? Things that are large, things that are attractive in color, things round which its pleasurable associations most cluster—human beings from whom it has received so many emotions, cows and dogs which interest by the many phenomena they present, houses that are hourly visible and strike by their size and contrast of parts. And which of all the processes of representation gives it most delight? Coloring. Paper had pen it is good in default of something better; but a box of paints and a brush—these are the treasures. The drawing of outlines immediately becomes secondary to coloring—is gone through mainly with a view to the coloring, and if leave can be got to color a book of prints, how great is the favor! Now, ridiculous as such a position will seem to drawing-masters, who postpone coloring and who teach form by a dreary discipline of copying lines, we believe that the course of culture thus indicated is the right one. That priority of color to form, which, as already pointed out, has a psychological basis, and in virtue of which psychological basis arises this strong preference in the child, should be recognized from the very beginning; and from the very beginning also the things imitated should be real. That greater delight in color which is not only conspicuous in children but persists in most persons throughout life, should be continuously employed as the natural stimulus to the mastery of the comparatively difficult and unattractive form—should be the prospective reward for the achievement of form. And these instinctive attempts to represent interesting actualities should be all along encouraged; in the conviction that as, by a widening experience, smaller and more practicable objects become interesting, they too will be attempted; and that so a gradual approximation will be made towards imitations having some resemblance to the realities. No matter how grotesque the shapes produced: no matter how daunted and glaring the colors. The question is not whether the child is producing good drawing: the question is, whether it is developing its faculties. It has first to gain some command over its fingers, some crude notions of likeness; and this practice is better than any other for these ends; seeing that it is the spontaneous and the interesting one. During these early years, be it remembered, no formal drawing-lessons are possible: shall we therefore repress, or neglect to aid, these efforts at self-culture? or shall we encourage and guide them as normal exercises of the perceptions and the powers of manipulation? If by the supply of cheap woodcuts to be colored, and simple contour-maps to have their boundary lines tinted, we cannot only pleasantly draw out the faculty of color, but can incidentally produce some familiarity with the outlines of things and countries, and some ability to move the brush steadily; and if by the supply of temptingly-painted objects we can keep up the instinctive practice of making representations, however rough, it must happen that by the time drawing is commonly commenced there will exist a facility that would else have been absent. Time will have been gained; and trouble both to teacher and pupil, saved.

But we are told to "take care," but most of us have too much of it for our comfort already.

"COME TO MOTHER."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How much love is expressed in those three little words. Have you not often beheld the young mother hasten her steps as she entered the nursery, after a short absence, and holding out her arms to her unconscious little one, murmur fondly, "Come to mother!" And when the babe first begins to know its nurse, its faintest cry will call forth those loving words; no matter how feeble the arms may be, they will always be willing to enfold the darling, and "Come to mother" will soon soothe it to rest.

By-and-by the little feet totter about the room; the slightest obstacle soon brings the poor head bumping on the floor, but "Come to mother" quickly heals the bruise, and smiles take the place of tears when the little head rests on the mother's breast.

Now see the mother watching her baby at play; does a thorn wound him, or a bee molest him, "Come to mother" is the only salve required.

Years pass, and the boy must leave his home, perhaps for school, perhaps to labor for bread, for boys must sooner or later leave the sheltering arms that still long to enclose them from pain and danger. But let sickness, or trouble, or even disgrace threaten him, if that mother is living, and has a crust to eat, she will soon send forth those dear old loving words, "Come to mother," and he comes, and is comforted. Again he wanders off, far, far away; he is strong now, he no longer needs the protection of his feeble, loving mother. She is old, lonely, and perhaps in want, but she must not trouble him; she will suffer in silence, rather than interrupt her boy in his pursuits. At last she feels that she is dying, and longs once more to look upon that much-loved form, and with trembling fingers she pens once more the words, "Come to mother." Does he come now? Alas, not always; the mother's head now needs a resting place upon his breast, but the arms do not open so quickly to receive that aged form.

Oh, young man, think of it, fly to her as you did in your childhood, the words are the same, only now she is the comforter now. Make some return for the love and devotion of past years, obey that last loving call, and "Come to mother."

AUNT ALICE.

FLESH IN VEGETABLES.

All vegetables, especially those eaten by animals, contain a certain portion of flesh; for instance, in every hundred parts of wheaten flour there are ten parts of flesh; in a hundred of Indian corn meal there are twelve parts of flesh; and in a hundred of Scotch oatmeal there are eighteen of flesh. Now, when vegetable food is eaten it is its fleshy constituents alone that we are indebted for restoring to the body what it has lost by muscular exertion. "All flesh is grass," says the inspired writer, and science proves that this assertion will bear a literal interpretation. No animal has the power to create from its food the flesh to form its own body; all that the stomach can do is to dissolve the solid food that is put into it; by and by the fleshy portion of the food enters the blood, and becomes part of the animal that has eaten it. The starch and sugar of the vegetable are either consumed (burned) for the production of warmth, or they are converted into fat and laid up in store as future fuel when required. Grass consists of certain fleshy constituents, starch and woody fibre. If a cow, arrived at maturity, eats grass, nearly the whole of its food can be traced to the production of milk; the starch of the grass goes to form fat (butter) and the flesh appears as casein, or cheese. When a sheep eats grass the flesh of grass is but slightly modified to produce mutton, while the starch is converted into fat (meat). When man eats mutton or beef, he is merely appropriating to his own body the fleshy portion of grass so perseveringly collected by the shepherd or oxen. The human stomach, like that of a sheep or ox, has no power to create flesh; all that it can do is to build up its own form with the materials at hand. Iron is offered to an engineer, and he builds a ship, makes a watch-spring, or a mariner's compass, according to his wants, but although he alters the form and texture of the material under his hand, yet its composition remains the same. So, as regards flesh, although there be one "flesh" of men, another of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds, yet their ultimate composition is the same, all of which can be traced to the grass of the field or a similar source. Flesh, then, is derived from vegetables, and not from animals, the latter being merely the collectors of it. And, as though the plant knew that some future destiny awaited the flesh which it makes, it will not use a particle of it to construct a leaf, a tendril, or a flower, but lays it all up in the seed.

—Pestal's Laboratory of Chemical Wonders.

DECISION.

Many men are knowing, many are apprehensive and tenacious, but they do not rush to a decision. But in our flowing affairs a decision must be made—the best, if you can; but any is better than none. There are twenty ways of going to a point, and one is the shortest; but set out at once on one. A man who has that presence of mind which can bring to him on the instant all he knows, is worth for action a dozen men who know as much, but can only bring it to light slowly. The good Speaker in the House is not the man who knows the theory of parliamentary tactics, but the man who decides off-hand. The good judge is not he who does half-splitting justice to every allegation, but who, aiming at substantial justice, rules something intelligible for the guidance of suitors. The good lawyer is not the man who has an eye to every side and angle of contingency, and qualifies all his qualifications, but who throws himself on your part so heartily, that he can get you out of a scrape.—*American.*

HOW TO KEEP THE CHILDREN HEALTHY.

The mortality among children in our cities, as well as in the country, is sad to contemplate. Is there any necessity for this? Are all these children sent into the world to be thus early cut down? Are not nine out of ten of these early deaths the result of ignorance? What parents ever lost a child, except by accident, without thinking: "If I had treated it differently, it would not have died!" The loss of our own three first-born has led us to think much upon this topic, and three almost always healthy living ones are evidences that our studies on the subject have not been in vain. A few hints on the topic, from time to time, may not be without use to those parents who read the *Agriculturist*.

Elsewhere, we have given some hints on the sleep of children. Next to securing plenty of sound sleep, or rather before it, we place the proper preparation of food. The kind of food they eat is not of half so much consequence, as the manner of its preparation. Give a child a hard apple and let him swallow it in pieces from the size of a large pea upward. The result will be, that the lump will be partly worn off by the coats of the stomach, and partly dissolved by the gastric juices; but after a time, the remaining portion of the lumps will be forced down into the intestines and go through the whole length of 15 to 20 feet, producing at each griping and irritation all the way, if not diarrhea or dysentery. But first scrape or mash the apple to a fine pulp, and it may then be eaten with impunity, and with benefit, if ripe or nearly so.

Feed a child on boiled potatoes cut up, or on potatoes coarsely mashed and fried in fat, and you will be pretty sure to find more or less of lumps of potatoes remaining undigested. How can it be otherwise than that these lumps must have produced irritation in the intestines? But mash these same potatoes finely before feeding them, and then the fine material will be digested and afford nutriment instead of giving uneasiness and pain "under the apron."

The same holds true of most meats. Cut up fine—as fine as shot—almost—they will be digested, and produce nourishment; while if fed in coarse pieces, they will be in the stomach, like a meat poultice on the outside, the cause of uneasiness if not of partial inflammation. Feed raisins and nuts to children, and unless very strong and vigorous, the chances are that they will incur immediate sickness or a weakened system, liable to be affected by the first change of heat and cold. Chop these same raisins or nuts finely, reducing them almost to powder, and they may be eaten in moderate quantity with impunity. These remarks apply to all kinds of food, and, in a measure, to grown people as well as to children.

Many persons are over nice or anxious as to what their children eat, and often reduce them to skeletons, or unfit them for a vigorous resistance of colds and malaria diseases, by feeding them on toast, or rice, weak gruel, &c. Give them rather a fair supply of hearty food, so finely reduced that it will be quickly digested in the stomach, and they will grow vigorous and be able to withstand the changes of climate, and the exposures to which they are ever liable. Mothers, consider these things, and see if they are not true and in accordance with reason.—*American Agriculturist.*

ENERGY.

All the elements whose aid man calls in, will sometimes become his masters, especially those of more subtle force. Shall he, then, renounce steam, fire, and electricity, or shall he learn to deal with them? The rule for this whole class of agencies is, all *plus* is good; only put it in the right place.

Men of this surcharge of arterial blood cannot live on nuts, herbs, and elegies; cannot read novels, and play whist; cannot satisfy all their wants at the Thursday Lecture, or the Boston Athenaeum. They pine for adventure, and must go to Pike's Peak; had rather die by the hatchet of a Pawnee, than sit all day and every day at a counting-room desk. They are made for war, for the sea, for mining, hunting, and clearing; for joy-breath adventures, huge risks, and the joy of eventful living. Some men cannot endure an hour of calm at sea. I remember a poor Malay cook, on board a Liverpool packet, who, when the wind blew a gale, could not contain his joy. "Blow!" he cried, "me tell you blow!" Their friends and governors must see that some vent for their explosive complexion is provided. The rest of us who are destined for infamy at home, if sent to Mexico, will "cover you with glory," and come back heroes and generals. There are Oregon, Californians, and Exploring Expeditions enough appertaining to America to find them in files to gnaw, and in crocodiles to eat. The young English are fine animals, full of blood, and when they have no wars to breathe their riotous vapors in, they seek for travels as dangerous as war, diving into Melestroms; swimming Hellesponts; wading up the snowy Himalayas; hunting lion, rhinoceros, elephant, in South Africa; gyping with Borrow in Spain and Algiers; riding alligators in South America with Waterton; utilizing Bedouin, Shik, and Pacha, with Layard; yachting among the icebergs of Lancaster Sound; peeping into craters on the equator; or running on the creases of Malays in Borneo.—*American.*

WHAT IS EXTRAVAGANCE?—To tell whether a man is extravagant, we must ask who the man is—what are his tastes? what his circumstances? A man upon a moderate salary is blameworthy if he spends more than he earns; his employer is extravagant if he does not spend at all. Place a spendthrift in one scale and a niggard in the other, and a feather would turn the scale. A squirrel would live on what a man would throw away, as the rind and core of an apple, but it does not follow that a man should live on the same.

SMUGGLING ARRANGEMENTS.

A gentleman from Paris writes the following:

I saw through one of the windows of the Mayor's office, in the twelfth arrondissement, what seemed to be the body of a negro hanging by the neck. At the first glance, and even at the second, I took it for a human being, whose disappointed love, or perhaps an expostulatory judge, had disposed of so suddenly; but I soon ascertained that the ebony gentleman in question was a large doll, as large as life. What to think of this I did not know, so I asked the door-keeper the meaning of it.

"This is the contraband museum," was the answer; and on my showing a curiosity to exhibit it, he was kind enough to act as my cicerone.

In a large, dirty room are scattered over the floor, on the walls, and along the ceiling, all the inventions of rascality which had been confiscated from time to time, by those guardians of the law, the revenue officers.

It is a complete arsenal of the weapons of smuggling, all, unfortunately, in complete confusion.

Look before you; there is a hogshod dressed up as a nurse, with a child that holds two quarts and a half. On the other side, are two legs, hollow as the Trojan horse, and filled with armies of cigars. On the floor lies a huge box constrictor, gorged with China silk; and just beyond is a pile of coal, curiously perforated with spoons of cotton.

The colored gentleman who excited my sympathy at first, met with his fate under the following circumstances:—He was built of tin, painted black, and stood like a keylock of Ethiopian character on the foot-board of a carriage, fastened by his feet and hands. He had frequently passed through the gates, and was well known by sight to the soldiers, who noticed that he was always showing his teeth—which they supposed to be the custom of the country.

One day, the carriage he belonged to was stopped by a crowd at the gate. There was an usual, grand chorus of yells and oaths, the vocal part being performed by the drivers and carmen, and the instrumental by their whips.

The negro, however, never spoke a single word. His good behavior delighted the soldiers, who held him up as an example to the crowd.

"Look at the black fellow," they cried; "see how well he behaves! Bravo, nigger!" He showed a perfect indifference to their applause.

"My friend," said the clerk at a barrier, jumping upon the foot-board, and slapping our sable friend on the shoulder, "we are really much obliged to you."

Oh, the surprise! the shoulder rattled. The officer was bewildered; he sounded the footman all over, and he was made of metal, and as full as skin could hold of the very best contraband liquor, drawn out at his feet.

The juicy morsel was seized at once, and carried off in triumph.

The first night the revenue people drank up one of the shoulders, and he was soon bled to death. It is now six years since he lost the moisture of his system, and was reduced to a dry skeleton.

SONG SHOULD BREATHE.

Song should breathe of accents and flowers;
Song should like a river flow;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
That we loved—ah, long ago!

Song from baser thoughts should win us;
Song should charm us out of woe;
Song should stir the heart within us
Like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all man doeth,
War, and peace, and ill, and wrong;
All things that the Soul subdueth,
Should be vanquished, too, by Song.

Song should spur the mind to duty;
Nerve the weak and stir the strong;
Every deed of truth and beauty
Should be crowned by stately Song.

PLEASANT TO TOBACCO CHEWERS.

A letter from Petersburg, Virginia, to the *Schenectady Star*, gives the following delightful description of the manner of preparing chewing tobacco in that region:—

"Commence on the upper floor, which is as dirty as a cow-stable. In the corners are large heaps of tobacco. At one end is a large cask, into which is put liquorice, rum and tona bean. On one side the room is a large space, like a mortar bed, into which is put the weed, to be sprinkled with the above decoction. Two or three darkies are stirring the tobacco up with their feet, so that all portions may become equally saturated.

"After this operation it is dried upon poles over head, until it is fit for working in the room below.

"On the second story, the leaf is divested of its stem by numerous black women and children. It is then, in a supple state, made into rolls an inch or two inches in diameter, and of any required length.

"On the ground floor, the rolls are squeezed into plugs, and carefully packed for transportation to the tobacco-loving people of the North. Some may think part of this description highly colored, but it is literally a true account of what I saw more than once; and if what I heard be true, the drugs and filth are hardly half portrayed.

"It might be supposed that people here do not chew, but this is not so; almost every body does, but then they chew the leaf clear. And it is worthy of remark that the hands engaged in these factories make no account of throwing their spittle and their cuds into the heap for a second mastication."

Beware of little expense; a small leak will sink a great ship.

SCOTCH CHARACTERISTICS.

An eminent professor of geology, visiting in the Highlands, met an old man on the hills on Sunday morning. The professor, partly from the effect of habit, and not adverting to the very strict notions on Sabbath observance entertained in Ross-shire, had his pocket hammer in hand, and was thoughtlessly breaking the specimens of minerals he picked up by the way. The old man for some time eyed the geologist, and, going up to him, quietly said, "Sir, ye're breaking something there forbye the stanes!"

The same feeling under a more fastidious form was exhibited to a traveller by a Scotch peasant. An English artist who was travelling professionally through Scotland, had occasion to remain over Sunday in a small town in the north. To while away the time, he walked out a short way in the environs, where the picturesque ruin of a castle met his eye. He asked a countryman who was passing, to be so good as to tell him the name of the castle. The reply was somewhat startling—"It's no the day to be speering sic things!"

It may be well supposed that a peasantry with such religious opinions would be much shocked at any persons whose opinions were known to be of an infidel character. There is a story traditionally in Edinburgh regarding David Hume, which illustrates this feeling in a very amusing manner, and which, I have heard it said, Hume himself often narrated. The philosopher had fallen from the path into the swamp at the back of the castle, the existence of which I recollect hearing of from old persons forty years ago. He fairly stuck fast, and called to a woman who was passing and begged her assistance. She passed on apparently without attending to the request; at his earnest entreaty, however, she came where he was, and asked him, "Are na ye Hume the Atheist?" "Well, well, no matter," said Hume; "Christian charity commands you to do good to every one." "Christian charity here, or Christian charity there," replied the woman, "I'll do naething for ye till ye turn a Christian yourself—ye maun repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye graff there as I find ye." The sceptic, really afraid for his life, rehearsed the required formula.

GRAPES.

Dr. Herpin, of Metz, has published a very interesting account of the curative effects of grapes in various disorders of the body. They act, firstly, by introducing large quantities of fluid into the system, which, passing through the blood, carries off by perspiration and the other excretions, the effete and injurious materials of the body; secondly, as a vegetable nutritive agent, through the albumenoid or nitrogenous and respiratory substances, which the juice of the grape contains; thirdly, as a medicine, at the same time soothing, laxative, alterative and depurative; fourthly, by the alkalies, which diminish the plasticity of the blood, and render it more fluid; fifthly, by the various mineral elements, such as sulphates, chlorides, phosphates, &c., which are an analogous and valuable substitute for many mineral waters. Employed rationally and methodically, aided by suitable diet and regimen, the grape produces most important changes in the system, in favoring organic transmutations, in contributing healthy materials to the repair and reconstruction of the various tissues, and in determining the removal of the vitiated matters which have become useless and injurious to the system. Directed by a skillful physician, this valuable curative agent can be made to produce the most varied effects on the constitution. It also possesses the advantage of being acceptable to most invalids. The treatment lasts from three to six weeks. The quantity of grapes that may be consumed varies from one to four pounds a day, commencing with small quantities, which are gradually increased. The skins and seeds must not be swallowed. In the absence of grapes, the most beneficial effects may be obtained from dried raisins, provided a quantity of water, sufficient to satisfy the thirst they excite, be taken at the same time; or they may be stewed in the same manner as prunes.

SUPERSTITION AT COPENHAGEN.—"Construing the construction of these ramparts there is told a story so horrible I can hardly give credit to its truth, but the Danes themselves relate it. It appears that the earth crumbled down, giving way as fast as the workmen built it up. The engineers themselves were at fault, so they determined to consult a wise woman, who declared the mounds would always continue sinking unless a living child was buried underneath. So they prepared a recess of brickwork under the ramparts, and decorated it gaily with evergreens and flowers, and placed therein a little table and chairs, with toys and dolls, and sweetmeats, and a tree lighted with many little tapers; and having enticed a little girl five years old, they clothed her in new garments, and brought her to the tower, accompanied by a band of music; and whilst the child in her delight played with the dolls and toys, the masons quickly closed up the aperture with solid brickwork, and shovelled the earth over it. From that time the ramparts sank no more.—*Jetland and the Danish Isles.*

COMFORT AND MIDDLE.—Comfort is the daughter of Order, and is descended in a right line from Wisdom; she is closely allied to Carefulness, Thrift, Honesty, and Religion; she has been educated by Good Sense, Benevolence, Observation, and Experience; and she is the mother of Cleanliness, Economy, Prudence, Forthrightness, Virtue, Propriety, and Domestic Happiness. Middle is descended from the ancient but dishonorable family of Chaos; she is the child of Indifference and Want of Principle; educated alternately by Dawdling, Hurry, Stupidity, Obstinacy, Meanness, and Extravagance; secretly united at an early age to Self-conceit; and parent of Procrastination, Falseness, Dirt, Waste, Disorder, Destruction, and Desolation.

THE PANIC; OR, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT? A FABLE.

"What's it all about?" said one of Mrs. Sell's ducks, to her friend, as they listened to a splashing noise in the little brook dam.

"I cannot think," quacked Ducky; "let's go and see."

And they sailed down the brook to the place, and found a great piece of wood which had fallen across the bank, and the water was splashing over it. The rest of the ducks, seeing these two in such a hurry to get to this spot, followed, supposing some fresh plan of operations for the day was being projected, or that a new nest of snails had been discovered. So they waddled into the brook, and swam off in the same direction.

It was difficult for their two companions to persuade them of the truth; and they all quacked so loud in their inquiries, that a hen, who was taking her ten little chickens for a morning walk, told them to remain very quiet under the wall, while she went to the water-side to see what was the matter, and to mind and not touch the corn that would be thrown down for them, till she returned.

Whether her clucking and the increased quacking were favored by the wind, I can't say, but the sound went over the churchyard into Freethe shepherd's garden, where Drover lay dozing in the sun. He started up, pricked up his ears, and bounded across the churchyard.

A cow that was grazing in the lane, seeing him scamper at such a rate, thought it wise to follow him; so, having filled her mouth, she walked deliberately round the corner to the place that Drover seemed to make for. In his way he saw the potter's horse standing in the Bode House close.

"Hey, Drover," said the horse, "what's the matter?"

"Who knows?" said Drover; "I'm going to see. Don't you hear the noise?"

So the horse went up to the edge of the close, and looked over on to the brook; but being old and tired, he couldn't make up his mind to go any nearer.

"Have you heard?" said an old crow.

"What?" said the others.

"Oh, such a noise! A fight, I should think. I saw Drover running as if to break his neck, and the old cow and the potter's horse are on the road, and I don't know who besides."

"Oh, let's go, by all means," said the crows.

So they flew off and took possession of the willows that hung over the brook.

"What fun!" said a sparrow; "the crows have gone to see some grand doings somewhere; let us go too."

And away went a whole flock of sparrows, who had been busy a minute before with the vicar's currant-bushes.

"Very remarkable!" said an old jackdaw. "What it can be about I cannot divine. I propose, my brethren, to call a meeting, and consult upon measures adequate to the occasion."

And so all the jackdaws might be seen coming out of their holes in the church tower, and ranging themselves solemnly along the ledge near the top, on the side facing the brook.

"Is it an invasion of the French?" said one. "Is it a company of masons coming to repair the church?" said another; "that would vastly more interfere with us and our nests."

Now, just as Drover got to the brook, the two ducks, having convinced their friends that there was no secret cause for their movement, the whole party were sailing calmly down the stream, and the quacking had completely ceased.

"What's it all about?" said Drover, to the last of them.

"What?" said the duck?

"Why, the noise," said Drover.

"Nothing!" said the duck.

"Nothing!" said the hen, going back to her chickens.

"Nothing!" said Drover, with a mixture of contempt and vexation at having had his run for nothing.

"Did he say nothing, Mr. Drover?" said the old cow, who immediately proceeded to graze again.

"Nothing!" called out the old horse from over the wall. "How glad I am I didn't go any further!"

"Nothing! nothing!" jabbered the sparrows. "What fun! Only think of taking in all these good folks!"

And off they flew to the currant trees again.

"Nothing!" said the crows, who flew over to Mrs. Sell's yard to pick up the corn that was put for the chickens.

"Nothing!" said the daws. "How exceedingly impertinent to make such a fuss about nothing!"

"Very!" said Kitty Keelby's old brindle cat, who had been feasting on some of the deserted chickens, while their mother was gone to find out "what the noise was all about." And so the water went on splashing over the wood; but there was an end of the wonder.

RELIGIOUS WASH-HOUSES.—A journal of Ausburg contains the following singular announcement.—We think right to call general attention to the public wash-house of the hospital of this town, which is perfectly organized in every respect. Not only have all the latest improvements been introduced into it, but regard is had to the difference in the religious creeds of the customers. Thus the linen of Roman Catholics and that of Protestants is washed in separate tubs. The washed linen is afterwards placed in a wheel which, it is true, is consecrated to both forms of worship, and there, by a centrifugal apparatus, belonging equally to both religions, it is freed from the water it contains. But the Roman Catholic linen is afterwards carried into the Catholic drying place, and the Protestant into that appollated for itself, and then is distributed to its owners.

If a man's horses lose their tails why should he sell them wholesale? Because he can't re-tail them.

POVERTY'S WEDDING.

In the quiet of eve, in my nest little cottage,
I thankfully sit by my own dear bedside,
And, crimson with blushes, her only adornment,
Comes nestling beside me my newly-made bride.

I gently caress her, with fondest prayers bless
her,
And kissing the finger now graced with the
ring,
I whisper my hope that the future will find us
Enabled the words of the old song to sing—
"Though all the world slight us, our love shall
unite us;
But loving the better for loving alone,
Such true faith shall bind us, that each year shall
find us
Both truer and fonder than years that have
flown."

With no tale deceiving, I wooed her to wed me,
I told her how little of wealth was my share;
That, born but to toil as a daily bread-winner,
I am able to shield her from sorrow or care;
But all of earth's treasure which falls to my
measure,
For her and her comforts I'd cheerfully bring,
She modestly answered, she asked nothing
better,
Then with me the words of the old song to
sing—
"Though all the world slight us, our love shall
unite us;
But loving the better for loving alone,
Such true faith shall bind us, that each year shall
find us
Both truer and fonder than years that have
flown."

THE RULING PASSION.
OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,
AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Malcolm. Dispute it like a man.
Macbeth. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things
were.

"Oh, William!" cried Beatrice, starting
violently, and looking round in terror; "did
you hear that fearful scream?"

"No. What was it like?"

"I don't know. I never heard anything
so piercing in my life. Somebody must be
ill, or dying."

"Did it come from the house?"

"I think not. It seemed behind us."

"It is strange. I did not hear it. Are you
sure it was not fancy?"

"Quite. Let us go round and see if we
can find the person who uttered it; for al-
though the voice was so shrill, it did not
seem entirely strange to me."

"Come, then."

And, drawing his cousin's arm within his
own, William and Beatrice searched the
grounds carefully, but found nothing; and
returning, at length, to the spot whence they
had set out, the former said,

"You are nervous this morning, and have
not quite got Cliff Castle out of your poor
little head."

"No, nor ever shall have. But that scream
just now was real, William—as real as Count
Orsini's ghosts."

"Well, that's saying a good deal for it,
certainly; and we'll suppose it was a playful
exaggeration of spirit on the part of some of
the gardener's urchins, and let it pass accord-
ingly, shall we?"

"Yes, if you like."

And again, with a strange misgiving, the
girl looked wistfully round.

"Very well, then, leave off peeping about,
and tell me something more of this journey
of yours. Do you really mean to go?"

"Yes; I have arranged everything, and
intend to quit Shirley to-day."

"This is very sudden."

"I fear it seems so; but, if you remember,
I have been going to London for weeks, ever
since I left the Abbey, and I told your mother
so when I accepted her invitation."

"Did you? I never heard her mention
it."

"Perhaps not. I daresay she did not
think it of sufficient consequence. But as
Mrs. Stanhope has decided that I shall be
presented with Adele, I must delay going
no longer."

"It seems not. But it looks very like being
in a great hurry to leave us, doesn't it?"

"Oh, no, no! I hope not"—and her lips
trembled; "for I have been very happy
here."

"Have you? I am glad of that."

"Yes, I have been," she continued, with
such a strong, although unconscious, em-
phasis on the verb, that, struck by it, Mr.
Shirley was irresistibly tempted to repeat the
famous quotation from Byron—

"And come what will,
I have been blessed."

As "conscience" must certainly do
make towards of us all, so these words, ut-
tered as they were, thoughtlessly, and with-
out a particle of meaning, terrified poor Bea-
trice exceedingly. To her excited imagina-
tion, they seemed to hint a suspicion of
her secret; and flushing scarlet, she replied
hastily,

"You are always quoting poetry, William.
That is one of the drawbacks of the country;
people get so dull, saying the same things
over and over again."

Mr. Shirley laughed.

"Well, for a young lady who has always
professed the most romantic devotion to green
trees, and poetry of all kinds and sorts, that
is the queerest speech."

"I don't think so. One may like things
without desiring to hear or live with them for
ever."

"Of course; and it follows thence, doesn't
it, that you won't like London for ever?"

"I am sure I shall not. I dislike great
towns excessively, and I know very little of
the Stanhopes."

"So I suppose. Why do you go to them?"

"For the reasons I gave you just now.
Besides, it is right to know or be friendly
with one's relations; and they are the only
ones I have in the world, except your-
selves."

"They are not very near, are they?"

"Mrs. Stanhope was my mother's step-
sister—her father's second wife's daughter by
a former husband."

"Bravo! You're a capital hand at geneal-
ogy, Beatrice. You'd be a treasure at Herald's
College."

"I should like to be a treasure any-
where."

"Thankless puss! Are not you one here?
What would you have?"

"A great deal I shall never get, I fear."

"Indeed! Don't we and your step-aunt-
in-law suffice you?"

"Not quite. But now, Willie, as I am not
in a joking mood, I will go in, first, though,
you may as well wish me good-bye."

"Why, you're not going yet? I shall see
you again."

"In public."

"Post! what a whim this is! I wish Or-
sini's ghosts would descend on London, and
bear the step-aunt-in-law off bodily!"

"That would not do any good, I fear—I
must still go. So good-bye!"

"Must it be? Well, good-bye, then, dear
—sister, I was going to say—for indeed you
have been one, and the best, to me."

"And you a brother to me, Willie. I pray
you may be happy."

She held out her hand.

He took it, and sliding his arm round her
waist, she laid her weary head upon his shoulder.
Suddenly she looked up, and said,

"Are you sure you love me, Willie?"

"Quite sure!"

"Thank God!"—and she bowed her head
reverently.

"I should like some one to love me;
and that nobody does now—nobody in the
wide world?"

"Nay, there you are wrong, for I know
many people who love you."

"Who?"

"Isabel!"

"She did before she knew you. Now she
has no love for any but her husband."

"Her mother, then?"

Beatrice shook her head.

"Mr. Graham?"

"Yes, I do believe he does; but in his calm
and peaceful age, he has no right to be trou-
bled with the storms and tempests which ac-
tively love for me would bring upon him. He
must rest now. No, I have no friend but
you, and even you I must not talk to."

"Why—in the name of all that is rational
—why?"

"Because it may cause misunderstandings
and annoyances."

"To whom?"

"To your mother."

"Nonsense! Who put that stuff into your
head?"

"Nobody! But now farewell, Willie. Don't
forget me."

He took her hand and held it, gazing into
her troubled eyes, as he said, tenderly,

"You are unhappy, Beatrice. If you love
me, tell me what ails you."

"Nothing, nothing; only I don't like leav-
ing you all, I suppose."

"In that case, why should you? Mrs. Stan-
hope has no claim upon you beyond your
own pleasure—which, if you are happy here,
would be as well consulted by staying."

"No, no, I must go!"

"There is more in this sudden resolve than
meets the eye, I am certain. Come, Beatrice,
trust me. I do not say that I shall be as
good a friend to you as you have been to me—
that would be impossible; but I would
serve or comfort you at any cost or risk. Tell
me, then, what distresses you?"

"I have nothing to tell, indeed, Willie. I
am low-spirited and nervous to-day—that's
all."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose I was mistaken; but I
fancied all this arose from some slight tiff or
other between you and my friend George
Conyers."

At this name the girl's face grew a shade
paler, and her heart sank, but she replied,
calmly,

"That is a fancy. Mr. Conyers and I are
very good friends."

"Nothing more?"

"No—nothing more."

He looked earnestly into her face, as if to
read the very secrets of her heart, then said,
with a disappointed whistle,

"Well, I can't disbelieve you, but I never
was more deceived in my life. I hoped that
all was right."

"You were mistaken, then. Like yourself,
Mr. Conyers's affections are already engag-
ed."

"Who told you so? I don't believe it!"

"I know it!"

"From whom?"

"Never mind. It is a fact, and therefore
not worth talking about."

"It is not a fact, and it is worth talking
about! Now, tell me, is it this tale which
drives you away?"

"What tale?"

"But although she asked the question, the
conscious blood came and went upon her
face, like a flickering sunbeam—now flush-

ing it with beauty, now leaving it in shadow,
and William gazing on it, continued,

"There is something wrong here, Beatrice,
I feel convinced. Make a confidante of me,
as I did of you. Tell me everything."

"So I would, if there was anything to tell
—but there is not."

"Well, I would fain believe you, but—"

"There must be no 'but' in the case. Now,
good-bye, I must go, for Adele has just drawn
up your mother's blinds, and she will soon
be down. Remember, if you really love me,
not a word of remonstrance against my jour-
ney, when we meet at breakfast."

Immediately upon the last ringing of the
bell, Beatrice entered the room, where the
whole party were assembled; and her aunt,
looking up angrily from her occupation, ex-
claimed,

"What in the world is this that Julia
tells me about your going to London, Bea-
trice?"

"Simply that I intend doing so to-day."

"Impossible—quite impossible!"

"I hope not. Why?"

"Oh, for fifty reasons! First, I have no
one I could send with you."

"That is of no consequence. For thinking
that it was very likely it might be inconven-
ient to spare a carriage, I took the liberty of
despatching one of the stablemen to the town
to order a fly and horses. And with Susan
for a duenna, I shall be quite safe."

"I never heard of such a thing! Why did
you not tell me yesterday?—then I could
have made some arrangement."

"Because I was not certain myself. Come,
dear aunt, do not be angry. I am very sorry
it has happened so; but it can't be helped!—
Don't let it vex you! I shall do very well."

"Of course you will. It is not that I am
thinking of; but the—"

"What? Come, mamma, don't put your-
self into a state for nothing! Let the 'but's'
and 'ifs' alone, and give Beatrice her own
way in this case. It's a very innocent one, I
am sure."

"Innocent, indeed! Running all over the
country like a wild thing!"

"Oh, no; only trotting along the high road
in a shaky old fly, with a pair of rusty old
posters, denuded by her old maid, and on
the way from one old aunt to another! No-
thing wild in that, I'm sure!"

"Not a bit of it! Couldn't be a more cor-
rect proceeding. But if you really think
otherwise, mother, let her have the carriage
and Bessie."

"How inconsiderately you talk, William!
There is a round of calls to make to-day and
to-morrow, for which I must have the bar-
ouche; and you know very well your father
won't spare Bessie!"

"In that case, there is no alternative but to
allow her to follow her own plan."

"Yes, there is: she might stay a few days
longer. There can be no such extraordinary
hurry. She has not been here a fortnight."

"I know it; but really, I think she ought
to be the best judge of her own affairs. If,
therefore, she considers it necessary to go, it
is scarcely courteous to throw so many diffi-
culties in the way."

"Well, I must say I think it exceedingly
sad to see a young girl like Beatrice so ex-
cessively obstinate!" said Lady Shirley, toss-
ing her head, indignantly; "but of course I
have not the slightest desire in the world to
press a longer visit upon her; and if she feels
herself uncomfortable, she—"

"Now, mamma, this is too bad," interrupt-
ed Julia, alarmed by the pained look which
was fast settling upon the orphan's face, and
which seemed to indicate that her aunt's re-
proaches would have the effect of compelling
her, in self-defence, to remain at Shirley;—
"it really is! Beatrice has never said or
shown by her manner that she is weary of
her visit; but if you make it a matter of of-
fence that a guest here, when called away by
business, should wish to go, you will frighten
every lady from us, and the place will become
a desert!"

"I quite agree with you, Julia," said Wil-
liam, "and I vote, therefore, that Beatrice be
allowed to go or stay just as she pleases; and
without another word being said to her upon
the subject. She knows how much we like
to have her—how glad we should be to keep
her; but if other arrangements prevent her
gratifying us, we are bound by self-love, I
think, to suppose that she regrets the circum-
stance as much as we do."

To this most rational speech, even Lady
Shirley could make no objection, and al-
though Sir James, when he came in and was
told of the arrangement, made a few civil
speeches of regret and entreaty, no further
obstacles were raised; the subject dropped,
and Beatrice left the room after breakfast,
to give the necessary directions to Susan.

With a heavy heart, the poor girl sank
down into her favorite seat by the window;
but although the idea of departure from the
only place where she should ever hear of, or
see George, was incredibly painful to her,
she did not repeat the step she was taking.
For Julia had told her that her letter to Mr.
Conyers had been delivered (she did not, of
course, say by whom); and Beatrice felt too
sadly that if he could have explained his con-
duct satisfactorily, he would have been with
her long before this.

There was no alternative, therefore, but to
believe him utterly false. And none but
those who have themselves experienced it,
can tell the agony that follows and abides
with such a conviction.

Death, with all its unutterable woe, its pit-
iless severance of all human ties, would have
been infinitely preferable; then, she might
have mourned in hope, have honored and
respected him; but now, shorn of all that
makes manhood worthy, how could she feel
towards him?

And, oh! the shame, when this truth came
home to woman's soul, to remember how she
has—ay, and alas! how she still loves the
sinner. For although a few may cast a lover
from their hearts, as easily as a soiled glove
from their hands, when they find him worth-
less, the far greater number cry aloud with
Moore's heroine—

"I know not—I care not if guilt's in that
heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou
art."

Wrapped in a miserable reverie, Beatrice
was entirely unconscious that her faithful
nurse had entered the room and stood beside
her; and when, at last, the woman spoke in
the Scotch dialect, which always returned to
her when strongly excited, the dreamer
started, and almost sprung from her chair.

"Heck, lassie, ha! I frightened ye!" said
Susan, soothingly. "Yer thoughts must ha'
bin a sair way off, to start at a bit touch like
that."

"Were they? I was half asleep, I think.
I never heard you come in. Have you been
long here?"

"A gude while—lang ene' to see how
white an' wan ye are, bairns. What's the
matter? What ails ye?"

"Nothing. I was only thinking."

"Heck! But that's what yer always doin'
now. What was ye thinkin' of, lassie?"

"No, no; that's too much," said Beatrice,
trying to laugh. "You are not my father
confessor, Susan, so I shall not tell you."

"Maybe I'll guess."

"Oh, yes, guess away."

"Yer greetin' to gang awa' fra' here."

"No, indeed. I never was more pleased
to leave any place in my life; the air stifles
me."

"An' yet a while ago ye loved the bonny
trees an' burns like Christians, and now yer
ganging to London."

"Yes, but that's different. I go there for
amusement: I am wearied to death here."

"I danna doubt it; it's an ill place. I wish
ye'd never saw it."

"And I, too—I too," cried the girl, pas-
sionately, losing for a moment all self-con-
trol. "It is an ill place, and I do not like
it."

"Nor the dwellers in it?"

"I must not say that," she answered, re-
lapsing into gloom. "They are my relations,
and I ought to love them."

"And do ye think, lassie, we're to love our
relatives just because they are our relatives,
whether they're gude or ill?"

"That's a difficult question to answer; but,
as your countrymen say that 'blood's thicker
than water,' I suppose they, at any rate, think
we ought."

"I danna think wi' 'em, then, lassie—na,
I danna think wi' 'em. The gude Lord above
—all honor to His holy name—bid us do
gude to all, an' love, contrary o' hate, our
enemies; but He never bid His people tak'
evil to their hearts."

"I daresay you are right, Susan—you
generally are; but I can't argue now; I am
tired."

"Lay yerse' down on the sofa, then, bairn,
an' let me shut out the sun. Maybe ye'll
sleep a bit."

"No, no. I have no time for sleeping
now. The fly will be here soon. Are the
trunks packed?"

"Ay, all but yon." And she pointed to
one that stood beside the dressing-table, on
which were piled toilette boxes, bottles, and
other feminine belongings.

"That's right. Then now I will put up
those things myself, and all will be ready."

She knelt upon the floor, and taking the
pretty cases and boxes—old friends from
childhood—from the table, she arranged them
carefully in the trunk, and in so doing a
small sheet of pink paper, folded as a letter
fell from them on the floor.

The first glimpse showed her what it was,
and her heart beat thick as she recognized
the letter Julia had shown her the night be-
fore, and which she had until now for-
gotten; and, seizing it eagerly, she opened
her desk and locked it in the secret drawer,
murmuring as she did so,

"There I will keep that as long as I live,
in order that I may never forget that he is a
villain."

"Heck, lassie, what?"

"Nothing; only a line from an old story.
Hark! there's a sound of wheels in the ave-
nue. The fly is here. Call some one to
cord these trunks and get them down. Give
me my bonnet and cloak, and let us go."

She was obeyed; and running quickly
down stairs, the last adieus were soon said,
and the servants, having arranged the
hugger, Beatrice and her maid entered the
vehicle, and were on the point of starting,
when William came up, and re-opening the
door, sprang into the carriage, saying,

"I shall accompany you the first stage;
perhaps all the way."

Really glad of the escort, the orphan made
room for her cousin beside her. His mother
smiled, and nodded approvingly; Julia
laughed disapprobably; and while Sir James
bowed and repeated innumerable invitations
for the future the fly rolled away.

Two miles from the park gates, and a little
way from the town, stood a pretty white
house, covered over with creepers, which at
any other time would have instantly attract-
ed Beatrice's attention; but now she was too
busy talking to William about his wife to
observe anything, although George Conyers,
standing by an open window watching for it,
saw the carriage drive past, the cousin, side
by side, conversing earnestly, and uttering a
groan—not loud, but deep; he turned away.

"Julia," said William one morning, about a
month after their cousin's departure, "have
you the least idea what has been the matter
with George Conyers lately? He seldom or
never comes here now, and when he does,
his manner is most extraordinary—at times,
almost offensive. If we were not such old
friends, I should be inclined to ask him what
he means."

"And he would answer, 'Nothing.'"

"Oh! but he does. There's a screw loose
somewhere, and I should like to discover it.
Yesterday I met him at the Beauchamps;
they were talking of Beatrice, praising her
beauty, and so on, and I happened to say
how much we regretted her absence, appeal-
ing to him jokingly to corroborate me, when,
instead of replying in the same spirit, he

turned short on his heel, said something no-
body could hear, and walked off. Can you
account for it?"

"Not I. Men's moods are quite as incom-
prehensible as the wind's, and I could as soon
give a reason for one as the other," answered
Julia, advancing to the window and taking up
such a position behind its drapery as to
shield herself entirely from her brother's ob-
servation.

"But you and he were so uncommonly
thick."

"Well, are we not so now?"

"I can't tell. Only where he used to come
here twenty times, he now does not come
once."

"That's his own fault. He has a welcome
if he chooses to accept it; and if he does not,
he has only himself to blame. Perhaps he is
ill, though."

"No, he is not. I asked his father yester-
day."

"Did he see that anything was the matter
with him?"

"Yes."

"Ha! What?"

"Oh, the most ridiculous thing in the
world. He fancies he's tired of his profes-
sion, and wants change."

"Absurd!"

"So I said. Nevertheless, George humors
the notion, and is going on the Continent for
a year or two."

The embroidery fell from Julia's hand, but
she picked it up instantly, placed another
stitch, and said, with wonderful steadiness of
voice,

"The Continent! Who on earth has put
that into his head?"

"Himself, I suppose! Don't you think he
is capable of originating the idea? It is not
positively profound or novel."

"No; perhaps not. But I should not have
thought he was able to afford it. What's to
become of his practice while he's wandering
about?"

"And all the young ladies who are dying
for his sake? Really, I don't know. The
maiden will console themselves in their
usual way, I suppose."

"Fresh frores will dry the bright blue eyes
We late left swimming o'er."

But for the clients, they'll go elsewhere, to a
certainly."

"Of course they will. Was there ever
such a wild scheme? And as for the young
ladies, he would find it difficult to persuade
one to die for him, I fancy."

"I'm not quite so sure; he's an uncom-
monly good-looking fellow, and I suspect I
could name a dozen girls, who would only be
too glad to get hold of him."

"What, with his income?"

"Ay, with his income, making it up with
theirs; but I fear they would have but a poor
chance of success. For, between you and
me, Julia, I more than half believe that our
far cousin Beatrice has more to do with
George's present mood than he would like
people to think."

"Nonsense!"

"I am sure of it. Remember how very
constant he was in his attentions when he
was here—how seldom he comes now she is
gone, and how he avoids even the very men-
tion of her name. I wish I was certain all
was right."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that there is something more than
meets the eye in the whole business. Recol-
lect what a good understanding there was be-
tween them when we came back from that
villainous castle; then how, without any
really adequate reason, she set off two days
after to London; he almost ceases his visits
here, and then goes off on the Continent, too.
It's all very well talking of business, and
health; but I don't believe a word of either—
there's something wrong."

"I cannot see it. However, if there is, they
are quite competent to find it out."

"I should like to help them."

"Pray don't attempt it. Everybody likes
best to manage such things themselves. Now
do throw open that window, and give me the
cane de Cologne. How hot it is!"

"Yes; and how pale you look! I think
you want change!"

"Why?—because the weather is hot, and I
have got a headache?"

"Are you sure it is not heartache?"

"Of course. What an idea! I have no
heart, William; so it cannot ache. Have
you never heard it said that I was made of
stone?"

"Yes, I have heard it, certainly; although
I know otherwise. I have heard Conyers say
so."

"Conyers?"

"Yes. Talking of other girls, and com-
paring you and Beatrice, and a score more
with them?"

"Well?"

"It's hardly fair to repeat what follows say
over their wine."

"But to me—one of those who has been
convinced—I should so like to know what
they said."

"Oh, they all agreed you were a hand-
some girl, only so tremendously proud and
cold."

"And did Mr. Conyers say so, too?"

"Yes."

"He's—Well, never mind; he should have
known better."

"No he should; but his perceptions are so
dulled with something—I think love for Bea-
trice—that he can't judge rationally of any-
thing."

"He must be an idiot to persist in loving
a girl who is so completely indifferent to
him."

"But is she so?"

"If she was not, would she have gone off
in the way she did? Bah! she was an arrant
coquette, and cared no more for him than for
this dead rose!" And she flung one at her
feet scornfully. "Trust women to find out
one another."

"Yes, they're very clever! Only it seems
to me that they very often find out what is
not in existence."

"Of course! when was a sister ever right?

But you'll all see the truth some day, and dis-
cover that your angel is not quite so perfect
as you fancy."

"I daresay—I never supposed she was per-
fect; there is but one woman on earth that
will ever be that to me. And ah, Julia! is
there any progress in that matter?"

"No; you must be patient."

William sighed deeply.

"Alas! I pay a heavy penalty for my sel-
fish haste. I would avow everything, and set
the whole world at defiance, but that it would
break her heart."

"It's fortunate she is so much wiser than
you. Do emulate her wisdom—learn to be
patient!"

"Patient! patient! Oh, heaven, am I not
patient?"

"Not very, I think. You forget that 'as
you sow, so you must reap.'"

"No, I do not. I am willing to reap—bear
anything; but she ought to be spared. As
mine was the sin, so mine should be the
punishment."

"And is it not?"

"Not wholly. For every sorrow I feel,
preys with double venom upon her; and
though she tries to conceal it, I know that she
is not happy."

"And no wonder; you have placed her in a
most wretched position. I can't conceive
what her parents were about to allow it; but
I suppose the brilliancy of the match dazzled
them."

"Indeed it did not. I am no such great
person in their eyes, I assure you. It was
their child's happiness they sought; and
whether I had five thousand a year, or five
pence, was immaterial to them, so that was
secured."

"What superb magnanimity! It is to be
hoped they will be as indifferent to worldly
trash when they find mamma implacable!"

"Do not sneer, Julia—my mother will not
be implacable if you are true to us. If you
are not, I must bring Beatrice here again."

"Very well; I shall be very glad to resign
this business to her."

"Do you mean it? Then I will write to
her at once; for go on in this way I will
not!"

"How then? Come, William, be patient,
and talk sense—don't try to exalt your new
father and mother into sublimities, or pit me
against Beatrice. I will do for you all I can,
but I must have time and confidence."

The next day there was a dinner party at
Shirley, and George Conyers was invited.

At first he declined; but Sir James, meet-
ing him in the town a day or two before, and
hearing of his project of going abroad, re-
fused to accept his excuse, and insisted upon
seeing him.

He went, therefore, and to his great satis-
faction—for he dreaded a family party—he
found a fair proportion of the dining-out
neighborhood assembled in the drawing
room.

It was a pleasant gathering, for the dinners
at Shirley were first-rate, the chef excellent,
and the cuisine and wines the best in the
county. Julia, too, profiting by her brother's
criticism, was gay—almost brilliant—so that
George, who took her in, and of course sat
by her, for the first time in his life, actually
admired her.

Her costume, too, became her so well.

Instead of the cold colors she usually wore,
she had on a dress of pale pink satin, de-
corated with exquisite lace; in her hair was
a lovely moss rose and buds, and her coun-
tenance, flushed with excitement and anxiety,
was charming.

Gladly then he sought her in the drawing-
room, when the gentlemen returned to it, and
although the conversation languished between
them, she was satisfied.

By and by, during one of the many pauses
which occurred, a gentleman came up and
petitioned for some music and Julia rising,
readily asked what he would have?

"Anything."

"She looked to George."

"Oh, a ballad—something simple."

"Not Italian, then?"

"No—English."

She went to the instrument, and turned
over her folio. In it lay that plaintive song of
Mrs. Norton's—since become so deservedly
popular—"Love Not," and taking it out, she
placed it on the piano.

During the first two verses George remain-
ed by her side, the gloom deepening on his
face; but when the third came—

"Love not the thing you love may change,"
he moved away, and leaning against a pillar,
remained, with folded arms, gazing on the
floor.

Carried away by the words, which she felt
to her heart's core, Julia sang with energy
and feeling; and on the last line—

"The heart still warmly beats, yet not be true,"
her voice lingered with an agonized pathos,
which utterly broke down her hearer's com-
posure, and giving her one glance of suffer-
ing, George moved abruptly away, and re-
treated into the conservatory.

Without reflecting for a moment upon the
singularity of the step she was taking, or
giving herself an instant to think, Julia
sprang from her stool, and followed him.

He was standing beside the fountain, gazing
sternly into its tremulous waters, and started,
almost nervously, when she approached and
spoke.

"I fear you are ill, Mr. Conyers?"

"No—at least, not very. I have only a
headache."

"One of the worst physical ailments one
can have."

"Yes; but I am getting pretty well used to
it now. I have suffered from one, more or
less, during the whole of the last month. I
am ashamed, though, to have disturbed you
with it."

"You have not disturbed me, unless with
sorrow to see you thus. Oh, Mr. Conyers,
when will you learn to believe that the grief
which rends one friend's heart, must, if it be
true, rend the other's also? Is it possible you
think me blind to the real cause of your pain;
or that I do not know it is the heart, and not
the head, that aches?"

"If you know, you will not wonder that I beg of your goodness to let the subject drop. I cannot talk about it."

"You still love her, then: in spite of that letter—the way she treated you—you still love her?"

He bowed sadly and gravely.

She stood on him with heaving breast, her color coming and going fast. His stern composure was maddening her; a sort of reckless daring was coming over her spirit, and she felt as if she would, she would avow all, and die there, at his feet.

An accident, however, saved her—the fall of a candle, dislodged from its stand by her dress; and while George disentangled it from the debris—she had time to think.

An awkward pause ensued, and then, in an embarrassed voice, Mr. Conyers said, "Have you heard from London lately?"

"From my cousin, you mean? Yes."

"She is well, I hope?"

"Perfectly."

"And happy?"

"I should think so, seeing she is on the point of realizing the great object of her life."

"Indeed?"

He spoke questioningly, but Julia would not understand it, and remained silent until he asked,

"May I not know what she is about to do? I am leaving England almost immediately, and may not have another opportunity of hearing."

"Are you going abroad for the purpose of forgetting her?"

"Perhaps, although I shall not succeed."

"What would help you to do so?"

"I cannot tell. Death?"

"Would not her marriage?"

"Her marriage! Good Heaven! is that what she is doing? But your brother?"

"Oh, he has nothing to do with it! She has quite forgotten his existence by this time, I daresay."

"Impossible!"

"Why? It's a month ago."

"But after what I saw myself—his arm around her—"

"Well, and was not yours around her the night before?"

He ground his teeth, and stamped his heel fiercely; and the traitress went on relentlessly.

"When shall I convince you of her utter heartlessness? She never cared for William—she never cared for you—nor does she care for this new lover."

"New lover! Another?"

"Ay, another and another, if the last is always greater than the first."

"I cannot believe it."

"No, nor would you if an angel from Heaven appeared, and told you; but her marriage will speak for itself."

"It will, indeed?"

"Prepare for it, then—for it will soon take place; unless, indeed, a royal duke steps in, and then, of course, this one will be discarded."

"Is what you are saying true? Do you know it?"

"Yes, I had a letter from Beatrice this morning, full of triumph at her success, and saying that one of the oldest dukes in England was at her feet."

"Impossible—impossible!"

"Will you read the letter? I will bring it in a moment."

"Not for worlds! Oh, Heaven! if I could believe this—realize that she is indeed the worthless coquette you represent, then—then—"

"You would forget her, and be happy—turn to some truer, nobler heart."

"Never! She was my first real love—she will be my last! Deceived once, I will never put it into any woman's power to mock me again."

"That is unjust. Because one has proved faithless, it does not follow that all are false."

"Certainly not. But he is the wisest who keeps out of the way of danger."

"True. But danger is not inevitable; and it may be that some one will love you, even as you loved her."

"That is impossible."

"But if it should be, you would not surely be so cruel as to doom her to the suffering you have endured?"

"I could not help it."

"You would not."

"Perhaps so. Luckily we are only supposing a case, which, for the sake of all concerned, is I hope, impossible."

"I hope so, too; but stranger things happen in this world, and this might change among the rest. What if it should?"

"I have already told you. I should say, as I say now, 'I have loved once, and been betrayed; and I will never believe or trust another woman, save the pure as the angels, and as beautiful.'

"And this is your final resolve?"

"It is."

"You will not keep it. However, we will not discuss the subject further now. I am tired, and the night has grown fearfully cold. I will go in."

Side by side, not speaking a word, they crossed the conservatory to a door which led into the hall, from which ascended the great staircase; turning towards it, Julia held out her hand, saying,

"Good-night, Mr. Conyers. I have got my feet damp in some way, and as I have a cold already, may not come down again."

"Good-night, Julia—pardon me for calling you so, but I may never see you more—and good-bye. I leave England next week."

"So soon?"

"Yes, I join an old friend at Southampton, on Tuesday, and hope to sail next day."

"And your route?"

"Vienna first; then, if time allows, Egypt, and the Holy Land."

She drew her breath hard, but the hand he held did not tremble.

"A charming plan. I envy you. Good-bye. I hope the change will do you good. Farewell!"

"Farewell! And let me take with me the

hope that you will always continue to be my friend, as you have been, lately. May God bless and prosper you?"

He pressed her hand, and raised it to his lips.

With a sharp cry, as if she had been stung, she wrenched it from him and rushed up stairs; and a moment after he heard her door close violently, and the bolt shot across; then, with a puzzled look, he turned and went back to the conservatory.

The same night, immediately after Lady Shirley entered her dressing-room, Julia, white as a spectre, followed her.

"Send away Adele, mother," she said. "I want to speak to you."

Her ladyship complied, then said, wearily, "What in the world is the matter, now, Julia? I thought you were ill, and in bed hours ago?"

"No, I wanted to see you, to tell you that you may send for Count Orsini as soon as you please."

"What?" and the sleeping eyes now opened widely. "Do you know what you are talking about?"

"Perfectly well."

"And remember all to which it pledges you?"

"Yes."

"Then you are prepared to marry him, at once, if he desires it?"

"Yes, the sooner the better."

"Well, you certainly are the most mysterious person I ever knew. Yesterday, you would not hear his name, and to-night you offer to marry him directly. I ought not to complain of your coming to your senses, though I congratulate you upon it. You are my own good child."

"Keep back, mother," cried the girl, sternly drawing back from the arms outstretched to embrace her. "I am mad now, and I shall repent this deed, some day; but until then, I am at your service. Send, then, quickly for the honorable, high-minded husband you have chosen for me, or it may be that I shall repent before he comes."

"What do you mean? I don't understand you."

"I daresay not; nobody does. But, at least, you can understand this—that I am in the mood now to marry your Count. A week hence, I may loathe him as bitterly as I did a week ago; therefore, if, indeed, you desire him for a son-in-law, make the most of the opportunity I give you now."

"Very well; but I will not send unless I have your solemn promise to marry him when he comes. Mind this, Julia—I will have no more nonsense!"

"You need have no fear. I will marry the Count, but it must be soon—very soon."

She raised her hand to her head as she spoke, for her eyes had grown misty and dull, but her mother made no remark, and Julia passed slowly out of the room, shutting the door carefully after her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WAR TREASURES.

The Columbus or Paixhan (pronounced pay-shan) is a large gun, designed principally for firing shells—it being far more accurate than the ordinary short mortar.

A mortar is a very short cannon with a large bore, some of them thirteen inches in diameter, for firing shells. Those in use in our army are set at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the range of the shell is varied by altering the charge of powder. The shell is caused to explode at just about the time that it strikes, by means of a fuse, the length of which is adjusted to the time of flight to be occupied by the ball, which, of course, corresponds with the range. The accuracy with which the time of the burning of a fuse can be adjusted by varying its length is surprising; good artillerymen generally succeeding in having their shells explode almost at the exact instant of striking. In loading a mortar, the shell is carefully placed with the fuse directed forward, and when the piece is discharged, the shell is so completely enveloped with flame, that the fuse is nearly always fired. The fuse is made by filling a wooden cylinder with fine powder, the cylinder being of sufficient length for the longest range, to be cut down shorter for shorter ranges as required.

A Dahlgren gun is an ordinary cannon, except that it is made very thick at the breech for some three or four feet, when it tapers down sharply to less than the usual size. This form was adopted in consequence of the experiments of Captain Dahlgren, of the U. S. Navy, having shown that when a gun bursts it usually gives way at the breech. The Niagara is armed with these guns, and at the Brooklyn Navy Yard there are sixty, weighing about 9,000 pounds each, and six of 12,000 pounds weight each, the former of which are capable of carrying a nine-inch, and the latter a ten-inch shell a distance of two or three miles; and there is one gun of this pattern which weighs 15,916 pounds, and is warranted to send an eleven-inch shell four miles.

A casemate is a stone roof to a fort made sufficiently thick to resist the force of cannon balls, and a casemate gun is one which is placed under a casemate.

A barbette gun is one which is placed on the top of the fortification.

An embrasure is a hole or opening through which guns are fired from fortifications.

Loop-holes are openings in walls to fire musketry through.—*Scientific American.*

ANECDOTES OF THE BLIND.

Those who have closely observed the conduct of the blind must, we imagine, have been sometimes startled with the precise knowledge they appear to possess of what is going on around them. It would seem as though some new sense had stepped into supply the want of the faculty which they have lost, or have never possessed. We know that this is not the case, and that the ready powers of perception and appreciation which sometimes astonish us are the results of that finished education of the other senses, which is in a manner enforced upon those who live in perpetual darkness. We shall not dwell on a few instances which have come within our own observation and knowledge, and which, while interesting in themselves, will serve to illustrate the operation of what some writers, in alluding to this subject, have wrongly termed the sixth sense.

A poor blind pensioner, who travels London daily to call on his patrons for their contributions, and whose rounds are not much short of a hundred miles per week, on being asked how he finds his way about, tells us that, on starting from home, he counts the turnings and crossings, however numerous they may be (perhaps over a five miles' route), until he arrives at the street or row of buildings which he wants. He then "sticks it," or counts the houses, by their entrances, with his stick, until he comes to the right dwelling. This, once certified, is never afterwards forgotten; for, if he should chance to miscount, he would be made sensible of his error by the differing shape of the bell-handle, the knocker, the railings, or some trifling peculiarity in the door-step, etc., which, though they might escape the observation of ordinary persons, are obvious enough to the blind. He knows his friends, as they approach him, by the sound of their footfall, and will not allow them to pass him without giving them the "good day." He can always tell when he is passing a house or houses of two, three, or four stories high, by the difference in the sound of his own step, or of the touch of his stick on the flags. He knows the trees by their odor. A grocer's shop, a chemist's shop, a leather-cutter's, or a butcher's, is as palpable to him as a milestone to a traveller or a lighthouse to a sailor. If he is ever put out of his reckoning, it is through meeting a friend and having a gossip until he forgets himself; in this case he has either to go back or forward, "sticking it," until he has recovered one of his landmarks. This poor fellow has perambulated London alone for twenty years, in all weathers, with no other guide than his stick, yet is never known to lose his way. If the reader will compare these facts with his own experience in the dark, or with the cases of persons who lose themselves in a London fog, in neighborhoods with which they have long been well acquainted, he will see sufficient cause to marvel at the resources of the blind.

A friend of the writer, attending church on the Sunday morning in a village where he had arrived the day before, encountered a blind man groping at the principal door, which, for some cause, happened on that day to be closed. Our friend took him by the hand, and led him in at a side door. After the service he led him out; but the blind man was quite perplexed, and did not know in what direction to go. "Will you be so good as to put me where you found me first?" he said; and he was conducted back to the front door. Having certified himself of his position by a touch, he at once set off for his home, which lay at three miles distance—our friend accompanying him part of the way.—When they had walked something more than a mile along the road, the blind man stopped. "Will you have the kindness," he said, "to put your hand behind that hurdle in the hedge, and lift out my walking-stick? I always leave it there when I go to church." Now the man had been talking all the way from the village, and he could not have been counting his steps or his invisible landmarks, and there appeared to be nothing whatever in the level road which could have indicated to one stone blind the exact spot on which he stood. As our friend lifted out the stout cudgel, which certainly did not look at all like a church-going article, he asked him how he could tell so precisely where he was.—"There is a tree in the hedge," said the blind man, "and that causes a lull in the air, because it stops the current; I always know when I come to the tree."

Not many months back a traveller was riding, on one of the bleak and stormy nights for which the past year will long be remembered, over a dreary district of hill, down, and dale, in central Yorkshire. He had a weary way to go, and his whole route lay in the teeth of the wind and tempest, which threatened to sweep him from the road. As he struggled on, the night grew dark and the storm more furious. Not relishing the idea of being belated on that wild spot, he set spurs to his steed, and, trusting to the animal's instincts and surefootedness, galloped through the darkness towards his destination. He had reason to repent of his precipitation, for the horse diverged from the track and became entangled in a clump of gorse and scrub, and he himself was thrown, but, fortunately, without any serious injury. He was able to mount again, and to recover the path, and, proceeding more cautiously, arrived at the village inn, where he intended to put up, about midnight. Here, on dismounting, he discovered that he had lost his watch, which had been severed from the ribbon that served as a guard, and had most likely fallen to the ground among the gorse where he had been thrown. He grieved at the loss of a valuable time-piece, and bemoaned his misfortune with the landlord.

There was a poor blind man sitting in the bar who immediately rose and volunteered to go in search of the missing watch. The case appeared hopeless to the traveller, who could scarcely describe the spot where his misfortune had overtaken him, and who deemed the attempt to recover it on the part of a blind man as supremely ridiculous; and, indeed, he

hinted as much. In spite of this discouragement, however, the blind man seized his staff and set forth in the midst of the wind and pouring rain. He knew the district better than the traveller did. He traversed the six miles of stormy heath and mountain, and, heedless of the driving sleet, commenced his search. Having arrived at the spot, he set his ear to the ground, and groped through the gorse in all directions; the wind howled, and the long grass whistled around him, but amidst those wild and melancholy sounds he was able at length to identify the still small ticking of the watch, which he recovered, placed in his bosom, and brought back in triumph. Here is an exploit rivaling almost the fairy feats of Fineas himself; it is one, however, for the truth of which we can vouch, while it is one which it is most certain that none other than a blind man could have accomplished.

It is probable that, in most blind persons, that faculty of the mind which phrenologists have supposed to be demonstrated by the organ of locality, must be exercised and perfected to an extraordinary degree. A blind workman, if he use a score or more of tools, always places his hand on the right one when it is wanted, and will tell in an instant, and even after a considerable lapse of time, whether his tool-box has been tampered with, or the arrangement of the implements altered. The perfection of this faculty is sometimes exhibited in blind chess-players, who generally attain to remarkable proficiency in the most complicated of all games. We have seen boys of tender age, and who were born blind, playing this difficult game in a masterly way, and generally checkmating their more mature antagonists. Their sole guide is their sense of touch; and it is astonishing to note with what rapidity they ascertain all they want to know by this means. By merely laying the palm of the hand and the finger-tips on the pieces as they stand, they master in a moment the position of the contending forces, and, without being informed of the adversary's moves, make the necessary disposition to defeat them.

Before the establishment of the Creche in Paris, many poor women used to get their living by taking charge, during the day, of the infants of those of the poorer classes who had to be at work in the streets, when they should have been at home nursing their helpless offspring. The most noted of these general mothers was a certain blind and poverty-stricken dame, who went by the name of old Susanne, and who had her infant hothouse in the Rue Gille Cour, near the quay. It was remarkable that while all her rivals in the nursing trade were a nuisance in their neighborhoods, owing to the crying and squalling of their unfortunate little clients, Susanne was as much noted for the unbroken tranquillity of her dwelling, where a cry or a complaining voice was never heard. It followed as a consequence that all the most unmanageable and refractory little brats were made over to her; and as surely as they came into her hands, they ceased their squalling, and either laughed, gambolled, or slept away the hours of absence from their mothers. If you entered Susanne's apartment, you found that all the noise that was made she made herself, as she sat crooning a scarcely audible lullaby amidst her babies. Her system of management was expressed in a very few words—"I sing to them softly," she would say, "and I handle them softly."

ECCENTRICITIES OF ICE.

When subjected to pressure, ice exhibits certain qualities which must exercise an important influence upon the question of glacier motion. Carnot discovered that water placed under coercion refused to congeal at the orthodox 32° F., as if in defiance of the constraint; or, to speak with more precision, as if the crystals could not form with the requisite freedom. Let ice, however, be subjected to compression, and a portion immediately liquefies, some of its latent caloric being probably squeezed into a sensible form.

Further it was ascertained by Mr. Faraday, that if two pieces of ice, with moistened surfaces, were placed in contact, the intervening film of water froze, and fastened them together, provided the temperature of the medium did not fall below 32° F.; nay, curiously enough, if the two lumps were placed in water as hot as the hand could well bear, they might be brought out perfectly cemented. This principle is now known under the title of "regelation." Prompted by Faraday's discovery, Dr. Tyndall executed a series of experiments, by crushing ice in wooden moulds under a hydraulic press. Though the material was reduced to fragments during the operation, those fragments immediately reunited, and came out of the mould agglutinated into a compact and continuous substance. Lenses and cups were thus fabricated, and the experimenter concluded that ice might be fashioned by the same means into vases and statues, or even formed into a rope and coiled into a knot.

It is not uncommon for Spanish ladies to possess a hundred fans. They collect and hoard them, as a German collects pipes, as a geologist hunts after specimens.

WHAT IS A COQUETTE?—A young lady of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than graces of mind; more admirers than friends; more fools than wise men for attendants.

He flattered on the threshold,
She lingered on the stair:
Can it be that was his footstep?
Can it be that she is there?

Without is tender yearning,
And tender love is within;
They can hear each other's heart-beats—
But a wooden door is between.

"Don't you think I look very young?" said a giddy lady to a gentleman who happened to be a great way. "Yes," he replied; "you look as if you had just come from a boarding school; but it is to be hoped that in a year or two you will be able to read, write, sit, stand, walk, and talk."

SOUTH CAROLINA'S POSITION.

The Charleston Mercury, in an article on President Lincoln's Inaugural, concludes as follows:—

"But still we would say to our people, for the present, keep cool, and bide your time. The honor of this State is no farther in cross in this matter. It has been transferred to the shoulders of the Government of the Confederate States of America. Whether wisely or not, it is now too late to discuss. Our course now is one entirely of policy and war strategy. We do not profess to be accurately cognizant of the plans of President Davis. If there is to be war, there must be a plan and a policy for the campaign. These must originate from the heads of the Government. We have now no time to lose by time—everything to gain. War six weeks ago might have placed Virginia now by our side. War would have been in the name of the State of South Carolina.—The glory, prestige and historic fame, would have been hers. It is no longer so. The blood will be hers; but little of the profit. That blood, however, her people are still, as they have ever been, willing generously to shed. Nor will any foreign foe unmolested cross her border by sea or land. Beyond this, policy and strategy must rule the action of the General Government at Montgomery. Their decision with regard to this harbor will be carried out by the troops of Carolina.

"That President Lincoln will attempt to collect revenue of the Har is now beyond a question. What then? Here lies the question in which alone this State is directly concerned. What course is then to be pursued by the Southern Government? There are but two open. The one, immediate attack upon Fort Sumter; the other, to besiege and starve out the fortress. To attack the Fort will not remove the men of war from off the Bar. What, then, will be gained? It is a question.

"To declare martial law over the whole harbor, including both shores and the wharves of the city, prohibiting all approach to Fort Sumter by night or by day, excluding from it all supplies of any description, and all information or communication to its inmates, may be the policy decided upon. Salt meat and warm weather may most effectually do our work for us. To reinforce Fort Sumter is now only to hasten the period of starvation. For no ship of war can enter our harbor and land supplies. Should she succeed in running to the fort, she will be under the constant fire of three or four batteries within telling and destructive distance. She must be quickly destroyed. In the meantime our ships, or ships laden with our goods for foreign ports, may continue their course as usual. Even should a blockade be declared, it can in no way interfere with the egress and ingress of neutral bottoms in their ordinary avocations of trade. A duty may doubtless, for the present, be collected on such imports as arrive here directly from abroad. Of this a reckoning must be made in the calculation of costs, *pro and con*. A few months must settle the whole question. The taking of Fort Sumter, if immediately cannot, as far as we can perceive, hasten that period. We will be little further when we have finished than when we have begun—minus some valuable lives.

"The above calculations are, of course, based upon the supposition that matters inside the harbor remain *in statu quo*. A belligerent attitude on the part of Fort Sumter must at once precipitate war, and the Fort must be taken in self protection.

"In throwing out the above suggestions, we do not undertake to advise those much more competent to deal with the emergency than we can be. They are advanced simply as thoughts that have occurred to us in weighing and balancing the issues now before us. We let them go for what they may be worth. The proper authorities will decide upon the course that will seem best to them, and we will be entirely satisfied to assist in its execution, whatever it may be.

"We shall soon learn what are the plans of President Davis. They will probably be decided by the future action of Lincoln."

THE BANKS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The House of Representatives received, on Friday week, the Annual Report from the Treasury Department, of the condition of the Banks throughout the country. The following is a synopsis—1,396 Banks, and 173 branches being included:

Capital	\$306,425,268
Loans and Discounts	660,804,217
Real Estate	77,072,414
Stocks	24,948,825
Other Investments	14,451,064
Due by other Banks	57,641,663
Notes of other Banks	21,437,071
Cash Items	72,359,352
Circulation	100,255,977
Deposits	288,017,884
Due to other Banks	50,311,389
Other Liabilities	21,835,254

In this synopsis are embraced all the Banks in the country, with the exception of the Banks of Louisiana, four small Banks in Delaware, one or two in Maryland, ten in Georgia, three in Alabama, and two in Tennessee. From \$227,000,000 in 1851, the banking capital of the country has increased to \$400,000,000 in 1860, nearly doubling itself in ten years. The number of Banks and branches has increased in the same period from 879 to 1,500, and instead of \$48,000,000 of specie, which was the reserve in 1851, the Banks now hold over \$84,000,000.

THE NEW CABINET.—The Senate has confirmed the following Cabinet appointments, made by the President:

Secretary of State—William H. Seward, of New York.
Secretary of the Treasury—Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio.
Secretary of War—Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania.
Secretary of the Navy—Gideon Welles, of Connecticut.
Secretary of the Interior—Caleb Smith, of Indiana.
Attorney-General—Edward Bates, of Missouri.
Postmaster-General—Montgomery Blair, of Maryland.

The votes by which these appointments were confirmed, were unanimous for all, except Mr. Bates and Mr. Blair, four or five votes being cast against each.—Messrs. Mason, Clinman, and two others objecting to them because they were unwilling that any men from the slave States should go into the Cabinet.

KISSING JEFFERSON DAVIS.—A Montgomery correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune says:—"I omitted to mention, in proper connection, that quite a number of ladies, at the levee last night, were prodigal in the expenditure of kissing salutations to the President. He was abundantly kissed and kissed, and there were many masculines present who thought there was too much waste of that delectable commodity at such an early period in the history of the Confederation. It is true that 'kissing goes by favor,' there were 'settled proposals' popped to the President last night, and office-suitors had better get among the kiss-ladies, if they desire success and preferment. Perhaps it may not be very prudent to say, but neither the ladies nor the President seemed to dislike such 'attentions.'"

TO THE MAN OF STRONG WILL AND GIANT ENERGY, possibilities become probabilities, and probabilities certainties.

FROM WASHINGTON.

There is a rumor that Fort Brown has been surrendered by Capt. Hill, but it is not credited by the authorities.

The undoubted complicity of Gov. Houston with the act of Gen. Twiggs excites the most profound astonishment and regret, as he has all along been regarded as firm for the Union. Several Virginians have been appointed to offices under the new administration.

A messenger arrived on the 9th, from Major Anderson, with despatches for the War Department. He reports the garrison at Fort Sumter all well, but they have provisions for only about two weeks more. The other points of the news contained in these despatches have not been communicated to the reporters because their publication is deemed inexpedient.

The Charleston Courier of Thursday says, the works in the harbor have made formidable progress within the past few days, under the direction of General Beauregard, in whose charge the attack on Fort Sumter has been placed.

Three soldiers, whose terms of enlistment had expired, left Fort Sumter on Wednesday. Extra sentries, or *garde* *du* *siège*.—On the 8th, Mr. Foster, of Connecticut, offered a preamble and resolution, as follows:—

Whereas, Mr. Wigfall, now a Senator of the United States from Texas, has declared in debate that he is a foreigner and owes no allegiance to this government, but to another State and foreign government.

Therefore Resolved, That the said Wigfall be expelled from this body.

Mr. Foster said that, as Mr. Wigfall was not in his seat, he would let the resolution lie over for the present.

Mr. Clingman, of N. C., moved an amendment to Mr. Foster's resolution, by striking out all after the word *whereas*, and inserting, "It is understood that the State of Texas has seceded from the Union, and is no longer one of the United States."

Therefore be it Resolved, That she is not entitled to be represented in this body.

Mr. Bright, of Ind., presented a list of the Standing Committees, which had previously been agreed on by the parties. On his motion, the list was unanimously accepted. The nine most important Committees are as follows:—

Committee on Foreign Relations.—Messrs. Sumner (Chairman), Collamer, Doolittle, Harris, Douglas, Polk and Breckinridge.

Finance.—Messrs. Fessenden (Chairman), Simms, Wade, Howe, Hunt, Pearce and Bright.

Commerce.—Messrs. Chandler (Chairman), King, Morrill, Wilson, Clingman, Saulsbury and Johnson.

Military Affairs and the Militia.—Messrs. Wilson (Chairman), King, Baker, Lane, Rice, Latam and Breckinridge.

On Naval Affairs.—Messrs. Hale (Chairman), Grimes, Ford, Cowan, Thompson, Nicholson and Kennedy.

On the Judiciary.—Messrs. Trumbull (Chairman), Foster, Ten Eyck, Cowan, Bayard, Powell and Clingman.

On the Post Office and Post Roads.—Messrs. Collamer (Chairman), Dixon, Wade, Trumbull, Rice, Bright and Latham.

On Public Lands.—Messrs. Harlan (Chairman), Bingham, Clark, Wilkinson, Johnson, Mitchell and Briggs.

On Territories.—Messrs. Wade (Chairman), Wilkinson, Cowan, Hale, Douglas, Sebastian and Briggs.

On motion of Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island, it was

Resolved, That a Committee of Three be appointed to consider and report what additional arrangements and regulations are necessary to preserve order in the galleries of the Senate.

IMPORTANT TO INVENTORS.—The patent law provides that all patents *hereafter* granted shall be in force seventeen years from the date of issue, and their extension is prohibited. It authorizes the compulsory attendance of witnesses in litigated cases; enlarges the right to patent designs in moulding, casting, electrotyping, &c., enables the commissioner to dispose of rejected models, and to dispense with models when the design can be represented by a drawing, and discriminates between the inhabitants of the United States and those of other countries. It also requires labels on patented articles, and cuts off all patents not prosecuted within two years.

A COLD BATH FOR BURNS.—Mr. Maillier states that he has cured a baker, horribly burned by the fire of the oven, by keeping him in a bath of cold water, in the open air, during fifteen hours consecutively. The temperature of the bath was kept very low by the frequent addition of water from a well. The patient felt no pain from the time of his immersion; when removed from the bath, all traces of the burns had disappeared, and he was able to be at work again in five days after the occurrence of the accident.

The hardest thing to hold in this world, is an unready tongue. It beats a hot smoothing iron and a kicking horse considerably.

After the peace in 1815, hundreds returned to France whose names had long since been registered among the dead; many not only to find their property in the possession of strangers, but their wives remarried, and themselves laughed to scorn as base impostors.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A beggar, some time ago, applied for alms at the door of a partisan of the Anti-begging Society. After in vain detailing his manifold sorrows, the inexorable gentleman peremptorily dismissed him. "Go away," said he; "go—we cannot give you anything." "You might, at least," replied the mendicant, with an air of great dignity and archness, "have refused me grammatically."

The human heart, like a well, if utterly closed in from the outer world, is sure to generate an atmosphere of death.

If you are not satisfied with the necessities of life, see whether you can satisfy yourself with repining after luxuries.

When people say "Necessity has no law," they must surely forget the poor law.

He who can suppress a moment's anger, may prevent many day's sorrow.

A cow and a camel are frequently yoked together, at the plough, in Egypt. The sight is extremely ludicrous.

During the recent meeting of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, at Warsaw, a ballet, entitled, "Robert and Bertrand, or The Two Thieves," was being performed at the theatre; but on account of the simultaneous presence of the two Emperors at the performance, the police, to show them an attention as witty as it was delicate, ordered the piece to be called on the bills for that night only, "Robert and Bertrand," and suppressed the second half of the title, namely, "The Two Thieves."

A wag seeing a lady at a party with a low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying she out-stripped the whole party.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE NEW SENATE.—The new Senate, which convened on Monday in special session, consists of 29 Republicans, 21 Democrats, and 1 American, with 18 vacant seats. The vacancies are: 2 from Kansas, 1 from Missouri, 1 from California, and 14 from the seceded States. The Kansas vacancies will, doubtless, be filled by Republicans, and those from Missouri and California, probably by Democrats. Should the seceding Senators return, there would be an Opposition majority of 6.

SELLING HIS CHILDREN.—The Cincinnati (Ohio) Press says that a widower of that city, having three fine children, aged respectively 2, 4 and 6 years, and desiring to visit California, felt them an incumbrance, and so made an arrangement to exchange them with a person for a certain amount of apple butter, and actually completed the bargain.

ILLINOIS CHOPS.—A gentleman who has just returned from a trip through Randolph, Washington, and our own county of St. Clair, reports that he did not see a bad field of wheat on the whole of his route.—*Belleville Democrat.*

"OVERS MENDITH" (Bulwer's son) is soon to be married to a German lady of rank as well as fortune.

ALBERT M. ELMER, a young man of talent, having eaten hashish, in Montreal, recently, for experiment, leaped out of a hotel window and broke his neck.

NEW ORLEANS, March 6.—The people of Texas have ratified the ordinance of secession by between 40,000 and 45,000 majority. It is reported that Governor Houston will resign.

THE U. S. revenue cutter Dodge, has been seized by the authorities of Texas, in Galveston Bay. The second officer in command had resigned, and tendered his services to the Governor.

ONLY about one seventh of the officers of Southern birth in the Army and Navy have resigned.—viz., 127 in 802.

TEXAS FORCES.—The commanding officer of Fort Brown, Captain J. B. Ricketts, 1st artillery, is preparing for defensive operations, contrary to the orders of Twiggs. The State troops were concentrating in the neighborhood and preparing for an attack. Fort Cooper, Major G. H. Thomas commanding, had been surrendered to the State.

MISSOURI CONVENTION.—Resolutions have been adopted providing that a Committee of Fort Brown, Captain J. B. Ricketts, 1st artillery, is preparing for defensive operations, contrary to the orders of Twiggs. The State troops were concentrating in the neighborhood and preparing for an attack. Fort Cooper, Major G. H. Thomas commanding, had been surrendered to the State.

COURT MARTIAL ORDERED.—A court martial for the trial of Commodore Armstrong will assemble in Washington, D. C., on the 23rd of March, to try the Commodore for neglecting his duty. Commodore Stewart, Shubrick, Sill, and Nicholson, Jarvis, Gregory, Paulding, Merwin, Reid, &c. The Judge Advocate is Allen R. Magruder. Commodore Armstrong's offence is the surrender of the Pensacola Navy Yard.

MINORITY PRESIDENTS.—In 1824, Mr. Adams, who was in a minority of 111,420, and who had much less than half of the electoral vote, was elected by the House of Representatives. In 1848, Mr. Polk was elected by the people, and was in a minority of 21,119. In 1849, General Taylor was elected. He was in a minority of 151,708. In 1850, Mr. Buchanan was elected. He was in a minority of 37,929. In 1860, Mr. Lincoln was elected. He was in a minority of 949,950 of the popular vote.

A Nephew at Court.—Napoleon gave a grand ball just before the beginning of Lent, and a correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post writes:—"At this ball, a stout, burly negro, black as ebony, with the woolliest of hair and whiskers, and the thickest of lips, wearing a magnificent order, and received with the utmost distinction by the Imperial pair and by all the grandes of the Court.—This sable personage was the son of the ex-emperor, Napoleon, the one high and mighty Duke of Marmalade, received at the Tuileries with all the respect paid in courts to the sons of fallen royalty—white or black."

COTTON SUPPLY.—The following is an extract from a private letter from a young gentleman formerly of Providence, now in London, dated Feb. 8, 1861:—"I am a large and very extensive cotton company in Manchester, started a few weeks ago, and they are making preparations to raise their own cotton hereafter. My room-mate, Mr. —, of Tennessee, is here making a contract with them to commence raising cotton in Australia or Africa. Mr. — has been a cotton planter for twelve years, and has owned five hundred negroes most of the time. He has closed his affairs in America, and expects to start the growth of cotton in Australia. He will have a very large capital to commence with."

THE whole Diplomatic Corps called on President Lincoln, on the 7th, according to custom—and, through the Minister from Portugal, the senior Minister—expressed the good will and kind feelings of their respective Governments towards that of the United States, and for the success of the Administration. All the Diplomatic Corps he said, retained the best wishes for the peace and prosperity of the country, and for the continuance of the friendly feelings now existing. President Lincoln replied with much warmth, heartily reciprocating both officially and personally, the kindly sentiments expressed. The Empire City has sailed from New York with large quantities of provisions, probably destined for the relief of the 2,500 men in Texas. It will take two weeks to reach India, or Brazil.

A new journal is to be secretly propagated in Rome, devoted to the independence of Italy. It will have for its motto an extract from Cavour's speech in the Italian Parliament:—"We wish to make of this Eternal City, in which twenty-five centuries have deposited their monuments of glory, the splendid capital of the new Italian kingdom."

MR. BLACK recently addressed a circular letter to all foreign governments, protesting in decided terms against the recognition of the Confederate States as an independent government, and assigned the reason at length which induced the remonstrance. The protest will probably be renewed, and, perhaps, emphasized by the present Administration.

THE NEW TERRITORIES.—Colorado and Nevada are Spanish words. Colorado means colored, generally red, and is the name given to several rivers in America. Nevada means white as snow. Dacotah is an Indian word.

THE FAMINE IN KANSAS.—The Leavenworth Conservative, which has been seemingly skeptical in regard to the reported famine, publishes the following:—"We have received from a gentleman from a highly respectable family in Douglas county, who says: 'There would have been famine in December and January if it had not been for foreign aid, and if the supplies should now stop, it is my opinion that 30,000 people would actually starve to death.'"

DELAWARE.—The Legislature has adjourned. An endeavor was made to call an extra session in April, on the State of the Union, but it failed.

THE Legislature refused, by a large majority, to renew the present lottery grant held by Messrs. Wood & Eddy, which expires in a few months. It is probable that no more lottery grants will be made by this State.

NORTH CAROLINA.—This State voted against the holding of a Convention by 1,000 majority. The members who were elected are two to one for the Union.

THE Charleston Mercury says that it is reported that President Davis has vetoed the act recently passed by the Congress to suppress the African slave trade, and questions whether this veto does not keep in force the former enactment making the trade piracy.

NEW YORK.—The town elections are reported to show the usual Republican majorities.

MISSOURI CONVENTION.—Col. Doniphan announces that the Committee on Federal relations have agreed upon a report, which will take strong grounds against secession and military coercion, and declare emphatically for the Union, recommending the Crittenden resolutions as the basis for a compromise.

Masses Crawford and Forsyth are in Washington as Commissioners from the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Roman has not yet arrived. It is not probable that they will be recognized by the Administration in their official capacity.

THE SOUTHERN FLAG.—The flag finally adopted by the Montgomery Congress, is made thus: Three stripes, the first red, the second white, and the third red. In the center of the blue ground, are seven white stars in a circle.

MR. DOUGLAS ON THE INAUGURAL.—Senator Douglas, in the extra session of the Senate, expressed a very favorable opinion of Mr. Lincoln's Inaugural, and considered it indicated peace. He said:—"He had read the Inaugural carefully, with a view of understanding what the policy of the Administration is to be as therein indicated. It is characterized by great ability, and with great directness. On certain points a critical analysis is necessary to arrive at the true construction. He had partially made such an analysis, and had come to the conclusion that it was a peace rather than a war message. He had examined it carefully and critically, and thought there was no foundation for a different opinion. On the contrary, there is a distinct pledge that the policy of the Administration shall be conducted exclusively with reference to a peaceful solution of our national difficulties. It is true the President indicates a certain line of policy, so as to be conducted as to lead to a peaceful solution; but it was not as explicit as he (Mr. Douglas) desired."

He did not want it to be inferred that he believed in the Administration, or in any contingency that he and the President would be associated. He expected to oppose his administration on those great principles which separated parties in former times; but on questions looking to the present Union, peaceful means and the settlement of the subject of slavery by an amendment to the Constitution, if he understood the President's true meaning, he was with him. He believed that he had put the proper construction on these parts of the Inaugural, and he believed the President was going to live up to it. He would not surrender this opinion until there should be reasons to change it."

MIXING UP THE BARBER.—An OUTRAGEOUS TRICK.—Some time ago there was a dancing party given "up north." Most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit their mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to watch the young ones while the parents indulged in a break-down. No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous rogues than they stripped the infants and changed their clothes, giving to one the apparel of another. The dance over, it was then time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly sought to remove the babies, and to change the sex of their babies, observation disclosed startling physiological phenomena, and then commenced some of the tallest female pedestrianism. Living miles apart, they sought to remove the babies, and to change the sex of their babies, observation disclosed startling physiological phenomena, and then commenced some of the tallest female pedestrianism.

POWER OF TRANSMISSION IN THE ATMOSPHERE.—Under favorable circumstances, the atmosphere will transmit to great distances any vibration that is raised in it. As an instance of this, the experiment of M. Biot may be cited. Having an opportunity of operating with a very long cast iron pipe, forming part of an aqueduct in course of construction at Paris, M. Biot found that, even when the pipe was one thousand and forty yards, or more than half a mile long, the explosion of a pistol fired at one end would be heard at the other end, and that the lowest whisper at one end was distinctly audible at the other as to the speaker himself. This experiment succeeded better at night than in the day time. Although, however, the air in a tube, where any lateral escape is impossible, shows this marvellous sensitiveness, a similar result does not follow from speaking in the open air. It is a matter of common familiar experience, that sound, under these circumstances, decays and dies away, until at last it ceases to become audible. This decay is only the natural consequence of the fact that the original force is constantly spreading through a wider space, and is getting so, to speak, diluted.

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.—Attracted by the red wagon, a herd of buffalo attacked Col. Clark, while travelling in the wilds of Arkansas, lately. The phalanx blocked his road, and as he turned to flee, they rushed wildly on after him as he urged onward the terror-stricken horse. The Colonel threw out successively his overcoat and a cushion, but they soon gained upon him, and their horns were already clashing against the back of the buggy, when he plunged his horse's head deep into the hollow of a large oak, and there he was safe, the back of the buggy being the only point of attack. Discharged from a six shooter, two bottles of brandy, a cold turkey, and finally, a bottle of Scotch snuff, at last sent them off sneezing and belching.

THE GREAT MARCH IN DAHOMEY.—The West African Herald publishes statements from eye witnesses of the barbaric "custom" of cannibalism at Dahomey. From this fearful narrative we learn that it was one of the most revolting which has ever taken place. Several persons agree in stating that the number of persons slain on the occasion was estimated at 2,000, but another correspondent gives the number at 7,000. He says he was present by compulsion, and that the blood swept past him like a flood into a large reservoir. Another gentleman, referring to these inhuman butcheries, says: "I assure you it made me quite sick, and at the same time I felt stunned. The poor wretches met death with perfect indifference."

Many a sweetly fashioned mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery serpent tongue within it.

COLORED RAIN.—The savans of Europe are puzzling themselves about several showers of rain of a reddish hue, at Siena, in Tuscany, three of which occurred on the 29th of December last, and others on the 31st of the same month, and the 1st of January. The fall of this rain was confined to a limited portion of the town, and fell every time in the same locality. Its color was at no time deeper than weak wine and water. An analysis showed that the color must be owing to some solution, as no sediment was deposited by the water.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

WHEAT AND MEAL.—The receipts and stocks of all kinds are moderate for the season. The week's sales comprise about 6000 bbls, mostly taken in small lots for export, at \$5 for very common superfine, \$5.12 for good and choice do., \$5.25 for extra, and \$5.37 for extra family, the latter for selected Lancaster county, including some common middlings at \$5.25 per bbl. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent, within the above range of prices for superfine, extra and extra family, and from \$4 to \$5.75 for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye flour comes in slowly, and 500 bbls have been disposed of in lots as wanted at \$3.00, \$3.25, \$3.50, and \$3.75, mostly at the former rate. Corn Meal is dull, with sales of about 1000 bus Panna to note at \$2.87, and 450 bbls, mostly Brandywine, on terms kept private.

GRAIN.—The receipts of all kinds are moderate, but prices are at a premium, and quotations are 40c per bush, about 22,000 bush having been disposed of for shipment at 117c for extra, 124c for white to prime Western, and 125c for red, 126c for white, and 127c for red, and 128c for white, as in quality, closing dull at 125c for good Panna, and 130 for prime Delaware Reds; Rye is steady, with further small receipts and sales of 2000 bush in lots and bbls at 65c. Corn has been in limited demand only at a further decline of 16c per bush, and about 25,000 bush, mostly new Southern Yellow, found buyers at 55c per bush, including small lots of White at 56c, and old Yellow Corn at 54c, as in condition. Oats are also dull, and only about 12,000 bush have been disposed of at 24c for inferior to very prime Southern, and 25c to 33c for Panna. Hay is better, the receipts and stocks are very light, and 5000 bus, all offered, sold at 72c per ton.

PROVISIONS.—The market generally has been dull and neglected, and the transactions mostly in a small amount of meat, poultry, and eggs. On Wednesday morning, March 6th, Lard, second quality, of Richmond, D. C., sold at 10c per lb. On Monday morning, 4th instant, Dr. THOMAS HARRIS, of N. Y., in his 78th year. Suddenly, on the 6th instant, ANDREW McBRIDE, Jr., in his 39th year. Suddenly, on the 7th instant, 5th instant, GAINER MOORE, in his 54th year. On Wednesday afternoon, March 6th, ALEXANDER F. SON of the late Rev. Chas. Williamson, aged 33 years. On Sunday morning, March 10th, Dr. WILLIAM HARRIS, aged 60 years. Suddenly, on Friday evening, last instant, ELMER L. B. McCLUSKEY, son of the Rev. John and Lydia H. McCluskey, in his 28th year. On the 14th instant, Mrs. ELIZA A. ROBERTS. On the morning of the 4th of this month, BENJAMIN MARTIN, Sr., aged 80 years. On the 14th instant, FREDERICK J. MIDDLETOWN, in his 43rd year. On the 4th instant, MARTHA, wife of Jas. Graham, in her 71st year. On the 14th instant, Mrs. REBECCA HEMMELWEIGHT, in her 77th year. On the 14th instant, SARAH S. CHURCH. On the 15th instant, Mrs. JANE CRAWFORD, aged 80 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.—CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

LOANS.	Asked.	Bid.	Asked.	Bid.
U. S. 6 per cent.	100	98	U. S. 6 per cent.	100
" 5 " "	100	98	" 5 " "	100
" 4 " "	100	98	" 4 " "	100
" 3 " "	100	98	" 3 " "	100
" 2 " "	100	98	" 2 " "	100
" 1 " "	100	98	" 1 " "	100
" 1/2 " "	100	98	" 1/2 " "	100
" 1/4 " "	100	98	" 1/4 " "	100
" 1/8 " "	100	98	" 1/8 " "	100
" 1/16 " "	100	98	" 1/16 " "	100
" 1/32 " "	100	98	" 1/32 " "	100
" 1/64 " "	100	98	" 1/64 " "	100
" 1/128 " "	100	98	" 1/128 " "	100
" 1/256 " "	100	98	" 1/256 " "	100
" 1/512 " "	100	98	" 1/512 " "	100
" 1/1024 " "	100	98	" 1/1024 " "	100
" 1/2048 " "	100	98	" 1/2048 " "	100
" 1/4096 " "	100	98	" 1/4096 " "	100
" 1/8192 " "	100	98	" 1/8192 " "	100
" 1/16384 " "	100	98	" 1/16384 " "	100
" 1/32768 " "	100	98	" 1/32768 " "	100
" 1/65536 " "	100	98	" 1/65536 " "	100
" 1/131072 " "	100	98	" 1/131072 " "	100
" 1/262144 " "	100	98	" 1/262144 " "	100
" 1/524288 " "	100	98	" 1/524288 " "	100
" 1/1048576 " "	100	98	" 1/1048576 " "	100
" 1/2097152 " "	100	98	" 1/2097152 " "	100
" 1/4194304 " "	100	98	" 1/4194304 " "	100
" 1/8388608 " "	100	98	" 1/8388608 " "	100
" 1/16777216 " "	100	98	" 1/16777216 " "	100
" 1/33554432 " "	100	98	" 1/33554432 " "	100
" 1/67108864 " "	100	98	" 1/67108864 " "	100
" 1/134217728 " "	100	98	" 1/134217728 " "	100
" 1/268435456 " "	100	98	" 1/268435456 " "	100
" 1/536870912 " "	100	98	" 1/536870912 " "	100
" 1/1073741824 " "	100	98	" 1/1073741824 " "	100
" 1/2147483648 " "	100	98	" 1/2147483648 " "	100
" 1/4294967296 " "	100	98	" 1/4294967296 " "	100
" 1/8589934592 " "	100	98	" 1/8589934592 " "	100
" 1/17179869184 " "	100	98	" 1/17179869184 " "	100
" 1/34359738368 " "	100	98	" 1/34359738368 " "	100
" 1/68719476736 " "	100	98	" 1/68719476736 " "	100
" 1/137438953472 " "	100	98	" 1/137438953472 " "	100
" 1/274877906944 " "	100	98	" 1/274877906944 " "	100
" 1/549755813888 " "	100	98	" 1/549755813888 " "	100
" 1/1099511627776 " "	100	98	" 1/1099511627776 " "	100
" 1/2199023255552 " "	100	98	" 1/2199023255552 " "	100
" 1/4398046511104 " "	100	98	" 1/4398046511104 " "	100
" 1/8796093022208 " "	100	98	" 1/8796093022208 " "	100
" 1/17592186044416 " "	100	98	" 1/17592186044416 " "	100
" 1/35184372088832 " "	100	98	" 1/35184372088832 " "	100
" 1/70368744177664 " "	100	98	" 1/70368744177664 " "	100
" 1/140737488355328 " "	100	98	" 1/140737488355328 " "	100
" 1/281474976710656 " "	100	98	" 1/281474976710656 " "	100
" 1/562949953421312 " "	100	98	" 1/562949953421312 " "	100
" 1/1125899906842624 " "	100	98	" 1/1125899906842624 " "	100
" 1/2251799813685248 " "	100	98	" 1/2251799813685248 " "	100
" 1/4503599627370496 " "	100	98	" 1/4503599627370496 " "	100
" 1/9007199254740992 " "	100	98	" 1/9007199254740992 " "	100
" 1/18014398509481984 " "	100	98	" 1/18014398509481984 " "	100
" 1/36028797018963968 " "	100	98	" 1/36028797018963968 " "	100
" 1/72057594037927936 " "	100	98	" 1/72057594037927936 " "	100
" 1/144115188075855872 " "	100	98	" 1/144115188075855872 " "	100
" 1/288230376151711744 " "	100	98	" 1/288230376151711744 " "	100
" 1/576460752303423488 " "	100	98	" 1/576460752303423488 " "	100
" 1/1152921504606846976 " "	100	98	" 1/1152921504606846976 " "	100
" 1/2305843009213693952 " "	100	98	" 1/2305843009213693952 " "	100
" 1/4611686018427387904 " "	100	98	" 1/4611686018427387904 " "	100
" 1/9223372036854775808 " "	100	98	" 1/9223372036854775808 " "	100
" 1/18446744073709551616 " "	100	98	" 1/18446744073709551616 " "	100
" 1/36893488147419103232 " "	100	98	" 1/36893488147419103232 " "	100
" 1/73786976294838206464 " "	100	98	" 1/73786976294838206464 " "	100
" 1/147573952589676412928 " "	100	98	" 1/147573952589676412928 " "	100
" 1/295147905179352825856 " "	100	98	" 1/295147905179352825856 " "	100
" 1/590295810358705651712 " "	100	98	" 1/590295810358705651712 " "	100
" 1/1180591620717411303424 " "	100	98	" 1/1180591620717411303424 " "	100
" 1/2361183241434822606848 " "	100	98	" 1/2361183241434822606848 " "	100
" 1/4722366482869645213696 " "	100	98	" 1/4722366482869645213696 " "	100
" 1/9444732965739290427392 " "	100	98	" 1/9444732965739290427392 " "	100
" 1/18889465931478580854784 " "	100	98	" 1/18889465931478580854784 " "	100
" 1/37778931862957161709568 " "	100	98	" 1/37778931862957161709568 " "	100
" 1/75557863725914323419136 " "	100	98	" 1/75557863725914323419136 " "	100
" 1/151115727451828646838272 " "	100	98	" 1/151115727451828646838272 " "	100
" 1/302231454903657293676544 " "	100	98	" 1/302231454903657293676544 " "	100
" 1/604462909807314587353088 " "	100	98	" 1/604462909807314587353088 " "	100
" 1/1208925819614629174706176 " "	100	98	" 1/1208925819614629174706176 " "	100
" 1/2417851639229258349412352 " "	100	98	" 1/2417851639229258349412352 " "	100
" 1/4835703278458516698824704 " "	100	98	" 1/4835703278458516698824704 " "	100
" 1/9671406556917033397649408 " "	100	98	" 1/9671406556917033397649408 " "	100</

Wit and Humor.

THE COURT'S FINANCIAL RELATIONS.

Scene—A Northern Court Room.

Enter juror (who has detained Court at least an hour).

Judge (much irritated)—Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of twenty-five dollars against Mr. Smith. Smith—Did I understand your Honor to fine me twenty-five dollars?

Judge—Yes, sir.

Smith draws his pencil and addresses the following note to his Honor:

"Dear Judge,—That little difference, upon the winding up of that game of 'draw,' amounted to 'just fifty.' Pay the clerk that 'twenty-five,' and hand the balance to the sheriff. Yours, &c.,

"SMITH."

(Sheriff hands the note to the Judge, who inspects it for a moment. The judicial frown gives place to a most benevolent and satisfied smile, as his Honor stammers):

"Ah—yes! certainly—yes—valid excuse—certainly—valid excuse—certainly. The clerk will remit Mr. Smith's fine."

NOT DEEP ENOUGH FOR PRAYING.

We heard, a night or two since, a tolerable good story of a couple of raftsmen. The event occurred during the late big blow on the Mississippi, at which time so many rafts were swamped, and so many steamboats lost their sky-rigging. A raft was just emerging from Lake Pepin as the squall came. In an instant the raft was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over with tremendous uproar, and expecting instant destruction, the raftsmen dropped on his knees and commenced praying with a vim equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes an instant, he observed his companion, not engaged in prayer, but pushing a pole into the water at the side of the raft.

"What's that yer doin', Mike?" said he; "get down on yer knees, now, for there isn't a minit between us and Purgatory!"

"He says, Pat," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch the water with his pole; "be easy, now! what's the use of praying when a fellow can fetch bottom with a pole?"

Mike is a pretty good specimen of a large class of Christians, who prefer to omit prayer as long as they can "fetch bottom."

LOVE AND WHISKEY.

A wayward son of the Emerald Isle "left the bed and board" which he and Margaret, his wife, had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around run-shops, where he was always on hand to count himself "in" whenever anybody should "stand treat." Margaret was disaffected with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband home again. We shall see how she proceeds—

"Now, Patrick, my honey, will you come back?"

"No, Margaret, I won't come back."

"And won't you come back for the love of the children?"

"Not for the love of the children, Margaret."

"Will you come back for the love of myself?"

"Niver at all. 'Way wid ye."

Margaret thought she would try another inducement. Taking a pint bottle of whiskey from her pocket, and holding it up to her truant husband, she said—

"Will you come for the drop of whiskey?"

"Ah, me darling," said Patrick, unable to withstand such temptation, "it's yourself that'll always bring me home again—ye has such a winning way wid ye, I'll come, Margaret."

Margaret declared that "Patrick was reclaimed by moral suasion."

Too sharp for him—Professor Johnson, of Middlebury University, was one day lecturing before the students of Mineralogy. He had before him quite a number of specimens of various sorts to illustrate his subject. A rough student, for sport, slipped a piece of brick among the stones. The Professor was taking up the stones one after another and naming them.

"This," said he, "is a piece of granite; this is a piece of felspar," etc.

Presently he came to the brickbat. Without betraying any surprise, or even changing his tone of voice,—

"This," said he, holding it up, "is a piece of impudence."

There was a shout of laughter, and the student concluded that he had made little by that trick.

Didn't want an appetite.—The Mountain Democrat is responsible for the following—

A disappointed candidate called for an "eye opener" in the Orleans Hotel, Sacramento. The barkeeper speedily completed a cocktail, and was topping it off with absynth.

"What's that? what's that?" demanded the man outside of the counter.

"It's absynth, sir. I'll give you a good appetite."

"Appetite! bah! take that stuff out; take it out! I don't want no appetite—what's a fellow want of an appetite when he ain't got money enough to pay for his breakfast?"

Could not tell.—A stout, red-faced Englishman, in a white beaver, blue coat and buff vest, offered to wager a ten pound note that he would close his eyes, and, simply by taste, name any kind of liquor in the house. The bet was taken, and the process of winning or losing commenced forthwith.

"This is genuine port," said the fat gentleman, testing from a wine-glass. "And this—this is whiskey," and so through the hotel's "manifest." A wag then poured a few drops of pure water into the glass, and handed it to the connoisseur. "This is—ah—this is (tasting it)—by Jupiter! gentlemen, I lose the bet. I never tasted this liquor before."

A CLEVER ZOUAVE TRICK.—During the spring of 1860, in Algiers, the tribe of Beni Bouzars were meditating an attack on the French. Being short of powder, they tried to obtain it from their enemy; offering one dollar for a cartridge, they found the supply equal to the demand. Soon the transaction leaked out among the officers, who laid a trap, and caught an old Zouave in the act of pocketing four dollars for four cartridges. Being brought before the court-martial, old Zou-Zou pleaded guilty, and requested the favor to blow his own brains out and avoid formalities. This being granted, a horseman's pistol was brought in, loaded by the culprit, and applied to his temple. Click! the cap only exploded. "Try again," said the commander. So he did. Click! The court began to laugh, for it saw the cartridges which he had sold were made of coal-dust and not powder, and that, as demonstrated in his attempts at self-punishment, they were not likely to go off—save to the Arabs. Old Zou-Zou was permitted to return to his duty.

SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS.

The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signature, is in the form of a cross, and this practice, having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, inviolable proof of such ignorance; anciently the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons; for among the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signatures of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write.

In those times, if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof positive presumptive that he was in holy orders. The word *clerk* or *clerk* was synonymous with penman, and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was, therefore, universal, alike by those who could and by those who could not write it; it was, indeed, the symbol of an oath from his holy associations, and generally the mark. On this account Mr. Charles Knight, in his notes to the Pictorial Shakespeare, explains the expression of "God save the mark," as a form of ejaculation approaching to the character of an oath. This phrase occurs three or more times in the plays of Shakespeare, but hitherto it has been left by the commentators in its original obscurity.

THE KING AND SEIDITE POWDERS.—On the first consignment of seidite powders in the capital of Delhi, the monarch became deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing box. A box was brought to the King in full court, and the interpreter explained to the King how it should be used. Into the goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and having added the water, the King drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no signs of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved, and as eagerly swallowed by his Majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and in his full agonies, exclaimed, "Hold me down!"—then rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long continued effervescence of the compound, sporting like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death—a melancholy and humiliating proof that Kings are mortal.

ANCIENT SCHOOLS.—It has been asserted by Martin Luther that he was once whipped fourteen times in one forenoon at school.—The old German schools were frightful dens of barbarism. An obituary in one of their school journals, as late as 1782, contains the following singular statement of educational exertions:—"Died, Hambleton, assistant teacher in a village of Saxony. During the 51 years 7 months of his official life, he had, by a moderate computation, inflicted 911,737 blows with a cane, 124,019 blows with a rod, 20,089 blows and taps with a ruler, 136,715 blows with the hand, 10,236 blows over the mouth, 7,905 boxes on the ear, 1,113,800 raps on the head, and 22,763 *nota bene's* (i. e. knocks) with the Bible, catechism, singing book and grammar. He had 777 times made boys kneel on pews, and 613 times on a three-cornered piece of wood, and 1,707 hold the rod up; not to enumerate various or unusual punishments which he contrived on the spur of the moment. He had about 3,000 expressions to scold with, of which he had found about two thirds ready made in his native language, and the rest he had invented himself."

HISTORICAL ORIGIN OF THE FORT-LIME NOY.—The forget-me-not is cherished and loved by all, and we think its interest may be enhanced by the following quaint little history concerning it, for which we thank Miss Agnes Strickland.—The royal adventurer, Henry of Lancaster—the banished, aspiring Lancaster—appears to have been the person who gave to the *myosotis palustris*, or forget-me-not, its emblematic and poetical meaning, by writing it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of S. S., with the initial of his name, or watchword, *Non recedat a me*; thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance, and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York and Lancaster, and Stuart, the Lily of Bourne, and the violet of Napoleon, a historical flower. Few of those who at parting exchange this simple touching appeal to the memory, are aware of the fact that it was first used as such by a royal Plantagenet prince, who was perhaps indebted to the agency of this mystic blossom for the crown of England. It was with his mistress, at that time wife of the Duke of Bretagne, that Henry exchanged his token of good will and remembrance.

Love is of such superlative worth that it is more honorable to be its victim than its conqueror.

A SEAT OF SIMPLE YET ELEGANT CONSTRUCTION, DESIGNED FOR INTRODUCTION INTO CROWDED ASSEMBLIES, BY THE DISTINGUISHED INVENTOR, ARCHIMEDES SMITH.

Agricultural.

WHAT KIND OF CULTURE PAYS BEST?

To illustrate the truth, we would impress upon every reader, let us take two fields, side by side—one of 20 acres, and one of 10 acres, both sown to wheat last year; market price of the land is \$30 per acre:

FIRST FIELD (20 ACRES.)	Dls.
To Ploughing 20 acres, at \$1.50	\$30.00
" 30 bushels of seed, at \$1.00	3.00
" Sowing and harrowing 20 acres at 50c.	10.00
" Harvesting 20 acres, at \$1.25	25.00
" Thrashing and marketing 240 bushels, at 10c.	24.00
" Interest on cost of land	4.00
" Taxes on assessed value	4.00
" Repairs and interest on first cost of fencing	4.00
" Gathering stones, and sundry expenses	4.00
Credit by 240 bushels of wheat, at \$1.70	\$408.00
Net profit	\$67.00

SECOND FIELD (10 ACRES.)	Dls.
To Ploughing 10 acres, at \$1.50	\$15.00
" 15 bushels seed, at \$1.00	1.50
" Sowing and harrowing 10 acres, at 50c.	5.00
" Harvesting 10 acres, at \$1.25	12.50
" Thrashing and marketing 120 bushels, at 10c.	12.00
" Interest on cost of land	2.00
" Taxes on 10 acres, assessed at \$30	2.00
" Repairs and interest on cost of fencing	2.00
" Gathering stones and incidentals	2.00
Credit by 120 bushels of wheat, at \$1.70	\$204.00
Net profit on 10 acres	\$77.00

The above figures are worth studying. By raising the yield from 12 to 17 bushels per acre, we get \$10 more profit from 10 acres than from 20. The several items, cost of land, expenses of collecting, etc., are put at a fair, moderate rate—too low if anything—and they are the same in each case. If we increase these expenses, it will increase the net profit in favor of the smaller field. The same estimates will answer for corn, oats, potatoes, etc. *Note for the lesson taught.* Does any one doubt that it would be easy to increase the yield five bushels per acre by taking one half of the first field and cultivating it thoroughly, ploughing it deep, subsoiling and draining when necessary, and manuring—in short, treating it as you would if trying to obtain a premium from an Agricultural Society? Would it cost over \$20 per acre to put it in a condition to yield this increased crop every year? Certainly not. Then why not sell off ten acres, and expend two-thirds of the proceeds upon the other ten acres, and save the one third for other purposes.

Farmers cultivate too much land. If they will take into account the extra cost of tilling a large surface for the same crop, they can but discover that a little land well tilled will pay better and involve less care than the same expense on a large surface. You may laugh at our notions of "high farming," but we have on our side the facts, the figures, and—the "dimes." Stick a pin here!—*American Agriculturist.*

EXPERIMENT IN GRASS CULTURE.—An old agriculturist gives in the Mark Lane Express (England) the following accidental experiment in grass culture:—In laying down land to permanent grass, he found the first year's growth invariably the best; and that after the coarser grasses eluded out the finer sorts. Many years ago his hired man mistook orders, and accidentally ploughed nearly half an acre in the wrong field. This was in the fall, and the land remained with the roots of the grasses thoroughly exposed to the atmosphere throughout the winter. In the spring it was carefully turned back and rolled. By this means the quality and quantity of the grass were so greatly improved, that the exact line, where the plough had gone, might be easily seen for years afterward.

FRUIT TREES IN THE VICINITY OF BARN YARDS.—It would be well, says the Saratoga Farmer, if farmers would surround their barn yards and pig pens with fruit trees. Such trees bear abundantly, and heavy crops of plums can often be obtained in such places, as the stung fruit is sure to be picked up and devoured as soon as it falls, thus preventing the increase of the curculio. Apples, pears, cherries, and all other fruit, do well for the same reason, and they are also provided with a plentiful amount of liquid manure for the drainage of the barn yard.



DWARF BEES.

In August, 1856, two of my small artificial colonies produced a large number of dwarf bees, scarcely larger than the smallest houseflies. Four of them hardly equalled an ordinary worker in bulk. It was amusing to see these Lilliputian creatures sporting with equal zeal and zest among their full-sized mates, and laughable to see them returning to their hives with miniature pellets of pollen on their thighs, or darting forth with the fierceness of pent-up wrath, to repel the assault of robbers. The sting inflicted by them was painful. There were several thousands of them, and the greater part lived till winter set in. On examination, it was found that they had originated in a comb which had been broken off and slipped down between two others, so as to rest on the bottom of the hive. A large number of the cells were much compressed laterally, and hence, doubtless, the diminutive size of the workers which were reared in them.—*American Bee Journal.*

A SUBDUED FARMER.—The other day, says the *Ayr Advertiser*, in a not unknown part of Carriek, an exhibition of meal took place, and two prizes were promised to the first and second best samples. When the time for exhibiting arrived, there was only one sample of meal forwarded. But the owner of this solitary lot did not relish it being taken away as it came, without gaining any need of "praise or pudding." So, with canny caution, what does he do but divide his sample of meal into two portions, and getting a neighboring farmer to exhibit the other half, he obtained from the judges the first prize for the one portion, and the second for the other.

YIELD OF BERRIES PER ACRE.—A writer in the Ohio Cultivator, says that two thousand quarts per acre is not an uncommon yield for the first crop of the American Black Cap Raspberry, and that an average yield of three thousand quarts per acre can be obtained by a careful selection of plants and good culture. This, however, does not equal the strawberry crop of a farmer in North-Eastern Ohio, whose average product this season from about thirty varieties was at the rate of 2,340 quarts per acre, whilst Monroe Scarlet, Moyamensing Pine, and Wilson's Albany, gave 5,000 quarts per acre.

THRISTLES.—The following rustic doggerel, from the Farmer's Magazine, should be learned by heart, by those whose farms are troubled with thistles:

"If thistles be cut in April,
They appear in a little while;
If in May,
They peep out the next day;
If cut in June,
They reappear very soon;
If in July,
They'll hardly die;
But if cut in August,
Die they must!"

RENOVATION.—The editor of the New England Farmer, says that a gentleman residing in Cambridge informs him that charcoal placed around the roots of the diseased peach stock was serviceable. He immediately removed the soil from around the trunk of a sickly tree in his garden, supplied its place with charcoal, and was surprised at its sudden renovation and subsequent rapidity of growth, and the tenacity with which the fruit held on the branches, and the unusual richness of its flavor when matured.

MULCHING WHEAT WITH BUCKWHEAT.—Dr. C. Harlan, of Wilmington, Del., advocates sowing buckwheat with wheat in the fall. He says the buckwheat will often grow two feet high before the first kills it. It will prevent the winds from sweeping the earth away from the tender roots, and will assist in preventing the frost from throwing out the crop; and when spring returns, it will rot down and assist to nourish the young plant when it most needs it.

MANNER.—There is as much in manner as matter. An old lawyer being asked for some advice as to the best mode of securing success at the bar, replied: "Speak loud, long, and positively, and it will make but little difference what you say." Lung-power, perseverance and self-confidence are wonderful aids to the orator. Without them the greatest abilities are of little use to him. An old clergyman of great reasoning powers and ample stores of learning, whose sermons were always deep, but comparatively ineffective, being asked how much of a sermon is due to manner, answered, "Three-fourths."

THE ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE EAR-RING.—The Rabbis assert that Eve's ears were bored when she was expelled from Eden, as a sign of slavery and submission to man, her master. If so, the slaves have since found a way to make their masters alone for this humiliation; the latter must pay dearly for the diamond badges of their wives' servitude. Since then, not money alone have these pretty baubles cost; blood has been poured forth in torrents to procure them for some capricious fair one, while the sacrifice of them has, at other times, been attended with the most fatal results. The golden calf was made entirely from the golden ear-rings of the people—probably the same they had borrowed of the Egyptians, and neglected to return—and three thousand men paid with their lives the unworthy use to which the jewels were put. We find also that the ephod, made of the ear-rings of the princes of Midian, "became a snare unto Gideon, and to his house." Among the Arabs, the expression, to have a ring in one's ear, is synonymous with to be a slave. When one man submits to the will of another, he is said to have placed in his ear the ring of obedience.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Infinite are the consequences which follow from a single, and often apparently a very insignificant circumstance. Paley narrowly escaped being a baker. Cromwell was near being strangled in his cradle by a monkey; here was this wretched elf widdling in his paws the destinies of nations. Henry VIII. is smitten with the beauty of a girl of eighteen; and ere long "the Reformation beams from Bullen's eyes." Charles Wesley refuses to go with his wealthy namesake to Ireland; and the inheritance which would have been his goes to build up the fortunes of a Wesley instead of a Wesley; and to this decision of a school boy (as Mr. Southey observes), Methodism may owe its existence, and England its military, its civil, and political glory.

THE MORAL STANDARD.—To wrestle vigorously and successfully with any vicious habit, we must not merely be satisfied with contending on the low ground of worldly prudence, though that is of use, but take stand upon a higher moral elevation. Mechanical aids, such as pledges, may be of service to some, but the great thing is to set up a high standard of thinking and acting, and endeavor to strengthen and purify the principles, as well as to reform the habits. For this purpose a youth must study himself, watch his steps, and compare his thoughts and acts with this rule. The more knowledge of himself he gains, the humbler will he be, and perhaps the less confident in his own strength. But the discipline will be found most valuable which is acquired by resisting small present gratifications to secure a prospective greater and higher one.

Useful Receipts.

PUMPKIN SOUP is a very favorite dish in many parts of France, especially with the juveniles; and when in season, there is not a school, college, hospital, convent, or monastery, where it is not made; a proof that it must be very wholesome. In England, whose climate will not allow its arriving at the same size as on the Continent, the *Vegetable Marrow*, the *American Butternut Squash* and the *Monmouth Gourd* will replace it.

Cut about two pounds of the flesh of the pumpkin or gourd into large dice, put it into your pan, with three ounces of salt butter or fat; add two teaspoonfuls of salt, the same of sugar, a little pepper, and half a pint of water; set on the fire, and stew gently for twenty minutes. When in pulp, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, stir round, and moisten with three pints of either milk, skim-milk, or water, boil ten minutes longer, and serve with fried or toasted bread, cut in dice.

NEW SPRING AND AUTUMN SOUP.—A most refreshing and exquisite soup. At the end of the London season, when the markets are full of everything, and few to partake of them, this soup can be made as a *bonne bouche*—

Wash, dry, and cut up four cabbage lettuce, and one cross ditto, a handful of sorrel, a little tarragon and chervil, and two or three small cucumbers peeled and sliced; put into a saucepan a quarter of a pound of butter, then set in the vegetables; put on a slow fire, and stir often, until there is no liquid remaining; add two tablespoonfuls of flour, mix well, and moisten with two quarts of broth or water, and set it to boil; when boiling, add a pint of green peas, two teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar, a little pepper and salt; when the peas are tender, serve. If you use water, increase the quantity of seasoning.—*Sage's Cookery for the People.*

TO REMOVE GILT FRAMES.—Beat up three ounces of the white of eggs with an ounce of soda; blow the dust from the frame with a bellows; then rub them over with a soft brush dipped in the mixture.

CHOCOLATE DROPS.—Reduce two ounces of chocolate to fine powder by scraping, and add it to one and a half or two pounds of finely powdered sugar; moisten the paste with clear water, and heat it over a fire until it runs smooth and will not spread too much when dropped out; then drop it regularly on a smooth plate.

POWDER FOR RATS.—H. H. Ballard, Owen county, Kentucky, writes to the American Agriculturist that with one quart of a pound of gunpowder he can keep every rat from his premises for a year. The powder is not used to drive a bullet or shot through the animals, but is simply burned in small quantities, say a teaspoonful in a place, along their usual paths, and at the holes where they come out, with proper precautions to prevent accidents from fire. He says he has proved its efficacy by repeated trials. The rat has a keen sense of smell, and if he has sense enough to know that he is not wanted, when he perceives the odor of the burnt powder, the remedy will be of great value. Let our friends report if the value of this method can be ratified.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 61 letters.

My 11, 61, 52, 53, 7, was the founder of Nineveh.

My 37, 43, 22, 47, is the mount where Moses died.

My 31, 4, 59, 15, 16, 41, 60, is a book of the New Testament.

My 2, 13, 40, was a Hebrew measure of liquids.

My 16, 34, 11, 56, 13, 50, 6, was a pious woman of Rome.

My 17, 42, 35, 28, 5, 57, is an island of the Mediterranean mentioned in Scripture.

My 16, 25, 49, 58, 19, 34, 30, 56, 60, was the first Gentile convert.

My 19, 13, 29, 37, 7, was used in consecrating priests.

My 53, 6, 32, 35, 36, is the supposed mount on which Christ was transfigured.

My 51, 21, 24, 6, 58, was one of the six cities of refuge in Israel.

My 34, 28, 48, 53, 27, is one-ninth the number of Baal's prophets.

My 45, 23, 18, 30, 8, was endured by Christ.

My 1, 9, 46, 11, 31, 29, 17, 15, was a city of Asia Minor.

My 30, 15, 7, 49, 5, 41, is the way to Heaven.

My 22, 54, 61, 41, 56, 14, was Governor of Judea.

My whole may be found among the proverbs of Solomon.

"KELTUB."

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 18, 29, 6, was a title of Pluto.

My 5, 4, 13, 1, 2, 10, 30, was Jupiter's nurse.

My 23, 22, 11, 3, 6, were worshipped as household gods.

My 16, 27, 34, 8, 29, was a mighty hunter.

My 9, 10, 28, 19, 17, 34, 22, was a wife of Neptune.

My 23, 30, 36, 7, 13, 8, 30, was a son of Priam.

My 24, 1, 12, 6, was the son of Tereus and Progne.

My 7, 29, 11, 7, 3, was a famous enchantress.

My 2, 12, 15, 10, 19, 22, was the goddess of health.

My 14, 23, 16, 27, 30, was the goddess of flowers.

My whole created great excitement in the year 1819.

C. C. STUNTZ.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 30, 16, 19, 21, 15, is a lake in Syria.

My 9, 18, 12, 6, 7, 2, is a town in Russia.

My 12, 18, 3, 5, 13, 9, 2, is a town in Egypt.

My 4, 12, 23, 17, 13, is a river in England.

My 5, 8, 22, 2, 14, is a celebrated mountain in Asia.

My 4, 12, 14, 22, 8, 15, 34, is a county in Texas.

My 10, 2, 14, 22, 2, 6, is an island south of China.

My 1, 11, 2, 19, 7, is a town in New Hampshire.

My whole is the way to wealth.

W. C. W.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters, denoting one of Shakespeare's characters.